

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

## CITY SMOKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Lo, from a thousand hearth-stones, here and  
there—  
Released from all this tumult, noise and care,  
The smoke goes whistling through the sunny air.

Like a free spirit from a funeral pyre,  
Pore from the bitter trial of the fire,  
Free to arise, and triumph, and aspire.

Its way along the gloomy walls it winds,  
Through troubled clouds of city dust ascends,  
And melting far in heaven's own glory ends.

Oh, spirit! prisoned, shadowed, sorely tried,  
Oh, spirit! thrast the blinding cloud aside—  
The heaven of Truth, and Love, and Light, is  
wide!

Up circle! priests open toward the sky;  
True spirits all are fire-born—ashes die;  
Arise, and rank thee with the hosts on high!

The sun shall give thee beauty; and his light  
Shall be my shield to stay the night;  
And put the shadowy hours of wrong to flight!

Rome, Italy.

## REGINA; OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

### CHAPTER V.

The garden has a fountain fair,  
And oft the lady watches there;  
Thus will her image come to me,  
Her white hands clasped upon her knee,  
While the south wind is gently waving

The looks that o'er her forehead fall,  
Or in the fountain's waters laving

The rose trees by the fountain's wall.

M. B.

Regina took a straw hat from the stand beside her, and whistling to Prince Charlie, bade Clifford follow her to the garden.

"We will say farewell to my visitors. I depend on you to look after them while I am away, if you are not too busy."

He did not answer, but walked slowly on by her side, while she talked gaily of Ruth and herself, and the long, pleasant tour they had planned upon the continent.

They stopped beside the fountain. The fresh, green grass was springing up on every side. The young leaves were clothing the once bare trees. The American violets starred the turf with their purple beauty, and the sunshine of the spring was over all. A faint of carved ebony lay on the wide lip of the fountain—a book beside it. It was a miniature edition of Shelley. Clifford took it up, and looked a moment at the beautiful face of the portrait.

"Ruth and I spent the earlier part of the day here," said Regina. "Ruth shares my home, my walks, my rides, my journeys."

"Well."

"She will go abroad with me; we shall be together constantly, night and day. Your own good sense will show you that I may find more pleasure in this close companionship, than in the somewhat ceremonious intercourse I hold with you."

Not much daunted, Clifford changed his position, so that he could look exactly into her face.

"Will you listen to me?"

"Not if you are going to talk nonsense, Mr. Clifford."

"It is nonsense!"

"Yes. Let us go back to the house."

"I shall do no such thing. Why are you so afraid to hear me, Regina?"

"I'll tell you. Up to this time we have gone on very well. You have never said anything that I did not wish to hear—never made love to me—never made a fool of yourself, in short, in any way."

"Thank you!"

"I know you are vexed, but that waiters little just now. I do not want to hear from you what I might hear from a dozen London houses, if I chose. I want to keep you as my friend."

"And I want you, Regina, to let me speak for five moments, if you will be so kind."

She sat down on the fountain's edge, and dipped the tips of her fingers into the water.

"Since you persist, then, go on."

He glanced around. The high wall on one side, and the trees on the other, screened them from every eye. The curtains of the dining-room and library were both drawn; no one could by any chance witness that interview without his knowledge. His eyes rested for one moment on Regina's grave face. Then he suddenly exclaimed,

"Good heavens, Regina! do you want to drive me mad?"

"No."

"Then why do you sit there so like a stone? Are you as heartless as the whole world calls you?"

"Perhaps."

He caught her hand in his.

"You shall answer me!"

"Release my hand, sir!" she said, so impetuously that he dropped it at once. "We are not on the stage, I believe! We are not rehearsing a tragedy! Be kind enough to say, in so many words, what you wish, and never fear that you will not get your answer—quite as soon and as plain as you will like!" she added, with a peculiar smile.

He was looking at her in utter astonishment.

"And this is Regina!"

She smiled again.

"I hope you like her!"

"This is the woman I loved—I hoped—"

"There, never mind the rest, my dear sir! It is evident that you have mistaken her from first to last, or you would never have come on this errand!"

"I must be dreaming!"

"I shall find means to awaken you presently. Come, are you going to utter the chosen impertinence you have been preparing on your way from town this morning?"

"Impertinence, madam!"

"Are your arrows sharpened so that they cannot fail to pierce my heart? You will aim skillfully, I am sure! And I will tell you, for your comfort, that no one could wound me more fatally! Regina, then, as soon as you like!"

"Are you mad, Regina?"

"Not quite."

"What have I said or done that you should speak to me in this way?"

"Not much!" she answered with a bitter laugh. "You have only shown me what an idiot I have been making of myself for the last two or three months—that is all! A mere triflē! Don't let it interrupt what you were going to say!"

"Regina, do tell me what you mean!"

"I believed that I might have a friend, even of your sex!" she said, sadly. "I took such pleasure in the thought—I was so proud to know that even I, in spite of the past, could inspire and share a feeling so pure; and now, Clifford, if you were not so dear to me, I should find it impossible to refrain from hating you! It may be impossible from yet!"

"If this is my crime, I plead guilty," he said, looking at her, with a smile.

"And you have the heart to tell me so?"

"I love you!"

"Go on, pray—it is very pleasant."

"I will not say I would die for you—that is but a cold promise; but I would live for you—with you."

"Ah, we have it then, at last!" she said.

"I will give every moment of my existence to you."

"I am extremely obliged to you."

"I would be home, country, and friends to you; you should have no joy for you—I did not bring, no sorrow that I did not share."

"Mr. Clifford, I always supposed that if I was fortunate enough to inspire a poet with a tender passion, he would pay me the compliment of saying something new, something startling, when he told his love; but you are going on in the old style: 'die for me,' 'live for me,' 'joys and sorrows,' &c., &c., &c."

"Why, I have heard it over and over, and over again; I could repeat it all by heart; or, if I failed, I need only to send to the circulating library—there is a very good one at the end of the lane—and any fashionable novel would help me out. If this is all you have to tell me, would you mind my suggesting our return to the house? It is quite luncheon time, and Prudence promised me some oyster patties to day. No one can make them as she does; you will be quite as fond of them as I am. May I trouble you to give me your arm?"

"It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back; and though Clifford had kept his temper wonderfully well, all self-control vanished at that mocking speech, and he raved up and down the garden like a madman. "Cruel!—insulting! heartless!" these were the mildest epithets that came to his lips, as he recalled the tales of her treatment of those he lured on to love her, even as she had lured him. Through all the outbreak, she sat placidly smiling to herself, and breaking the smooth surface of the water into a thousand rings and dimples by the drops she showered from her hand.

"She will go!" she asked, when he ceased.

"The oyster patties!"

Clifford uttered an oath.

"Yes, I thought that would be the next thing!"

"I beg your pardon, Regina. But you have



CLIFFORD AND REGINA AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"Only for the sake of the answer, which will be very sweet."

"Take it!" And placing both her hands in his, she looked up into his handsome face, with tears in her eyes. "I love you so dearly, Clifford, that if you deceived me in any way, though my body might live many a year, my heart would die!"

The words were simple, but the look—the manner—how full of love and faith they were! How much it seemed to him to win that confidence from her lips! Helen Brinford might have said it, but not like Regina! Much more, he drew her to his breast, and murmured, with his lips close to her cheek,

"Trust me—give me all your faith and all your love! I will not tell you!"

"God help me if you do!" she answered. "I stake everything upon this one last throw! If I lose—if I lose!"

"You will not lose!" he answered, believing in his heart of hearts that he spoke the truth.

She released herself from his embrace, and sat down again on the fountain's brim.

"I can hardly believe that I am awake! It seems like a dream of fairy-land!"

"You must have dreamed for some time, then, for surely you knew long ago that I loved you!"

"Not like this!"

They were both silent for a time. The fountain murmured in the sunshine—the birds sang as if their little hearts were bursting with joy—all was quiet and peaceful. It was like a new world—a second Garden of Eden, into which they had been born, an Adam and an Eve, who could never be driven out from their Paradise! Clifford gazed at Regina with a new pleasure. The instinct of ownership was strong within him. It was no longer the beautiful actress—the darling of the stage—who sat before him; but his own darling—the wife of his bosom! Queen of all other hearts, she was yet his subject—his slave, if he so willed it! She had kept him from his triumph long, but the day was coming when she would love her chains, and kiss the hand that riveted them! It would be his turn to command, and hers to obey—he to be pleased, and hers to love—hers to reward him, and his to reward her with love and protection! It was strange that his musings should take this hue so soon—it only showed how much her unconquered freedom had vexed him, though he knew it not! He had feared the tigress long untamed. He thought, with blissful self-complacency, now that the sharp claws were pared, and the savage nature subdued, how pleasant employment it would be to teach his charge to know her master's voice, and crouch lovingly at her master's feet!

"I suppose what I have just said will make some difference in your plans for to-morrow?" he remarked at last.

"Well!"

"I have been taking counsel with my memory."

"What does it say?"

"It accredits me fully. I have had no wrong thoughts of you. I have loved you, almost from the first, tenderly—passionately; but I have never thought of asking you to sacrifice yourself for me."

"Protect me! Care for me!" she repeated, lifting her eyebrows with a pensive look.

"Why, Clifford, do not deceive me! Better to part now, than when we are far dearer to each other!"

"I have told you the truth."

"Then forgive all my doubts—forgive all the provoking things I have said and done. I was grieved to the very soul that you had failed me. Even Ruth might have changed without my feeling it so deeply."

"Oh, Clifford, do not deceive me! Better to part now, than when we are far dearer to each other!"

"I have told you the truth."

"Then forgive all my doubts—forgive all the provoking things I have said and done. I was grieved to the very soul that you had failed me. Even Ruth might have changed without my feeling it so deeply."

"You love me, then?"

"Is there need to ask the question?"

"Are you afraid to trust me?" she asked, with a glance that made him turn crimson.

"You are ungracious, Regina!"

"Answer the question!"

"I am not!"

She paused a moment, and then made room for him beside her.

"Sit down here a little time, my dear friend. The luncheon bell has just rung, but we will not mind that."

Clifford smiled.

"Charlemont prophesied that that lunch would be ignored."

"Who?"

"Charlemont—the Earl. Surely you know him!"

"Is he one of your friends?"

"Yes."

"You have been with him to-day?"

"All the morning. We were at Mr. Brinford's together."

"Indeed!"

Regina set her lips very firmly together.

"There is no fear of it."

"You both frequent the same place."

"Well, I will avoid them—or him. The master is soon settled."

"I am afraid not."

"Then we will go abroad for a time. He has procured me an appointment in the Texian expedition, confound him!"

"When did he do this?"

"Not long ago."

"Before you told him of me?"

"Of course."

"Then, my dear Clifford, you may be sure it was out of no friendship for you."

"Where shall we live, then?"  
"In my Uncle's villa, if you like!"  
"You know that I am a poor mother?"  
"But I do not talk of money; I have the name. Without your name, you must share my home!"

"Ah, that name!" he said suddenly. "How like you language in history!"

"Yes."

"Tell it!"

"It is only mine by courtesy, not by right!"

"How can that be? Did not your father have it?"

He looked at her very sadly.

"You may remember that I once said something to you about my peculiar position. I told you then that I was a nameless man!"

"I have not forgotten!" she answered.

"But I did not tell you this—that I have not the slightest idea who my parents were. I was placed at a northern school, before my third year, and educated there under the name of Clifford. On my eighteenth birthday I was dismissed by the master, with a book note of £100—those being, as he said, all the instructions he had received concerning me. I came to London like a stray dog, and have made it my home-quarters since. But I am as ignorant at this day of my right to bear my name as I was then."

Regina smiled.

"Never mind; it is a pretty one—"Regina Clifford."

She took out her note-book, borrowed his pencil-case, and wrote it upon the fly-leaf. The faint traces of the lead outlined all the words they uttered—if not all the love they felt—and stoned her in the face years after, like an accusing and avenging ghost.

"You do not love me the less for this misfortune!" he said, inexpressibly relieved at her quiet manner.

"Foolish boy! I love you, and not your name. Nothing will ever make me love you less—ever one!" she added, after a slight pause.

"And that?"

"Don't say—or give me cause to doubt you at your peril!"

"How can I do either?"

"Are you sure?" she asked, taking both his hands in hers, and hiding her face upon his breast. "Knowing what my past has been, can you trust me for the future?"

"Implicitly."

"Remember that promise! Nothing can ever part us but your breaking it. When you insult me by a suspicion, though only in thought, I shall know it, and I shall leave you at once!"

"I recognize Zenobia here!" he said, looking at her with admiration, as she lifted her proud head from his shoulder to speak these words.

"Ah!" she said, half playfully, half sadly, as they rose on seeing Prudence at the garden-gate: "I have no wish to be Zenobia to you; nothing but Regina—your pet—your darling!"

"And my wife!" he resumed, with a glance of passionate tenderness. "Surely you are not going to desert this lovely place?"

"It is time to dress for dinner! Look at the sun! Prudence has come to summon me!"

"Must I go?"

"If you can forgo your engagement with the Earl," she said, mischievously, "you may dine with us!"

He glanced at his dress.

"Both I and will bear you company. We will both sit down to table in these identical barge-dresses, if that will do you any good. Indeed, all our frocks are packed."

"You will not go and leave me to-morrow?"

"Are you going to shed tears? Yes, we shall go; but for a shorter time than I thought. Be here to meet us on the twentieth of next month. And now come to the house. I will make tea for you this evening, as domestically as if I were already 'Mrs. C.' and you need not leave us till the small hours chime."

She ran up the garden-walk. Clifford followed more soberly; and they entered upon a time of happiness such as never comes but once in any life—such as never came to either of them on earth again!

"In a month," had been Regina's last words as she stepped into the railway-carriage, on the morning of her departure—"in a month we shall be at home again. Meanwhile, take good care of all my pets—yourself included!"

An arch smile, and a kiss waited from the tips of the gloved fingers, finished the sentence, and then the engine gave a great puff of vicious energy, and fled like a restless fiend across the country, bearing love and happiness, and Regina away from poor Clifford. He went home to his lodgings in a mandarin state of mind, refused his dinner and his tea—much to the private satisfaction of his landlady; and finally drove out to the cottage, to console himself with the conversation of Prudence, and the mute welcome of the creatures dear to him because they were so dear to Regina. They were all left behind, contrary to her first lane. Rich in her new joy of being tenderly loved, she could bear to separate for a time from all her darlings; and she had gone with Ruth alone, for the short tour through Italy, intending to take a longer one with Clifford and "the meangarder," after their wedding-day had been kept at the cottage home.

The month passed by. Another, and another, and another succeeded it, and still the lingered—still she begged his pardon for the delay, but said frankly, that since life had so few seasons of perfect happiness, it was a pity to cut even one of them short. She was charmed with the carolines, roving sort of existence on which they had entered—charmed with the company of artists, male and female, unto whom they had joined themselves—charmed with Leslie Lennox, with Venice, with Rome, with the Alps, and with the ruins of Pompeii—charmed, in short, with everything and everybody; and so happy, that home, with all its attractions, could not draw her to woods England; just then Clifford rallied, and strolled, on the one night he was away from her that reached him. One day, they had as

ended Miss Diane in an almost, half-feminine style, which she illustrated by a small blue pencil sketch; on another, they were just starting on a pilgrimage to a famous Mosque, to be performed much in the style of the "Bold Family Abroad;" on a third, they had had an adventure with bandits; on a fourth, they were about to explore the catacombs in the Eternal City, and to attend vespers at St. Peter's; and so the list went on, proving more and more plainly to the exacting lover, that however dear he might be to her, she could yet commit the heinous sin of enjoying herself thoroughly, even though he was separated from her by many miles of land and sea. It touched his pride that this should be so. He often anathematized her as heartless and unfeeling; when the simple truth was, that she was a far truer type of womanhood, as it ought to be, than he had ever met before.

The fourth month of Regina's absence was drawing to a close, when an early post brought to Clifford the following letter:—

"Dearest—I am very penitent, I assure you; and catching sight of the cliffs of England, have hardly courage to ask you to welcome me home again. But I have been so happy, Clifford, and you *must* pardon me."

"We have said good-bye at last to all our pleasant friends. Our last exploit was a pedestrian tour through the Landes, then we went to Paris, and there they all remain—the gayest hearted company I ever met or parted with in this solemn world of ours."

"Ruth and I are well and happy, and both as brown as gipsies. You will hardly know us. You will take her for 'Meg Merriville,' and me for 'Norma of the Stylized Head;' or, perhaps, you will class both under the head of 'two of Macbeth's witches.' But I—I shall know you only as Clifford—my good Clifford—my dear Clifford, who has cared for my poor deserted pets, and furthers to send me for my long absence, except once (you did send once, you know) and who—I think—will be so glad to see me again."

"We shall be at the cottage on the evening after you receive this. Will you come and say, 'How do you do,' to us? I have a number of things to tell you, and I wonder how in the world I have managed to stay away so long. Ever your      REGINA."

Home again! That night he should meet her!

His first thought was one of unmixed pleasure. Then he read the letter a second time, and began to find fault with it.

"Her good Clifford"—her dear Clifford! You, because, like a fool, I have stayed in this hot city, while she has been wandering, heaven knows where, with a troop of vagrant artists! I was useful—I was well employed; and so she condescends to throw me a sugar-plum for the services I have rendered. By heaven, I believe she has been laughing in her sleeve all this time at my stupidity! With her intolerable pride, she has fancied me in my fitting place—groom of the chamber to Saladin—companion to Prudence—major-domo to the household—preceptor to the choir of canaries—tutor to Prince Charlie—and—keep her—she seems to embody the facts of the case; we will quote it:—

The steam engine was invented, or, rather, the principle of it discovered, by the Marquis of Worcester, as early as 1660. Few understood and none encouraged it. He died in great mortification. The honor was afterwards given by Savary.

In 1766, John Fitch navigated a skiff steamboat at Philadelphia; and in 1777, a steamboat forty-five feet long at the same place; in 1785, a steamboat sixty feet long; and in 1790, another steamboat as a regular passage and packet boat between Philadelphia, Burlington, Trenton, Wilmington and Chester, for several weeks, advertising the trips regularly, and running three thousand miles that summer. In 1797, James Rumsey navigated a steamboat at Shippensburg, Virginia, and in 1799, on the Thames, England. Miller, Symington's and Taylor's steamboat was navigated on the Clyde, Scotland, December, 1798. Samuel Morley navigated a steamboat on the Delaware in 1797, and John Cox Stevens, at Hoboken, 1804. Eighteen steamboats had been built and navigated in America and England before Robert Fulton's time.

In 1807, when Robert Fulton was fitting up his first steamboat at New York, respectable and gray-headed men pronounced him "a fool for his pains."

Oliver Evans went before committees of legislators, first in Pennsylvania, and then in Maryland, with a project of a steam carriage, as early as 1804. He asked a little aid to defray the expense. They could hardly be prevented from reporting in favor, not of steam engines for carriages, but of a strait jacket for himself.

In full proof of the statement given above, that a steamboat was built by John Fitch in 1786, the following entry still remains in a ledger formerly belonging to Brooke & Wilson, shipbuilders, of this city:—

JOHN FITCH, 1786. To BROOKE & WILSON, Dr. L. s. d.  
Nov. 23. To building a steamboat 45 ft. @ 267. 45 1 0

" " a coat of stuff, 1 10 0

" " 8 pieces of timber, @ 2s. 6d. 1 piece, 0 15 0

" " 13 days' work, @ 5s. 3d. 3 7 6

" " 155 feet of board, @ 2d. 29 feet, 1 5 10

£50 12 6

£51 16 4

16 8

£51 1 8

It would thus appear from the foregoing statements, that John Fitch had a boat advertised to run regularly on the Delaware in 1790—as the newspapers of that date fully prove—while Robert Fulton's boat was not run on the Hudson until 1807, or seventeen years afterwards. Robert Fulton was in this city when Fitch was running his boat on the Delaware, and was also present when Symington's boat made her essay on the Clyde—the latter event also taking place before the building of the "Clement." He was therefore fully acquainted with the plans both of Fitch and Symington.

Doubtless Robert Fulton deserves great credit for the interest he took in this subject, and for his efforts in bringing the project of steam navigation to a satisfactory conclusion. But we should not shower upon him the credit of discovery, when he simply deserves that of a perfecter. To John Fitch, more than to any other man, belongs the fame in question. And though he himself said, in the bitterness of his heart, that man would never hear him, or award him the credit, "because he was poor," let all fair men see to it that he is not deprived of these honors to which he is entitled, the only compensation we can now make to one who deserved richly of the world, but whom his fellow citizens ridiculed and despised in their proud ignorance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a good deal rarer.

STRUCTURAL FACT.—It has been found by occultists that when a person has only one eye, it is almost invariably the left one.

A machine has recently been invented to cut corks. The movement is horizontal and rotatory, turning out 144 perfectly cut wine or beer corks, or 36,000 daily, of ten hours. As the wheel goes round, the four blades are intended by four girls or boys, whose duty is merely to feed the machine, whilst the corks fall down a slot to the sorters underneath. It makes nine revolutions a minute, and will cut, if required, four different size corks at a time, either round or oval.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

TERMS, &amp;c.

The Terms of THE POST are 25 cts., if paid in advance; \$3, if not paid in advance. *ETC.* The reader's subscription must always be paid in advance. For \$6, in ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We enclose the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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The money for Club always to be sent in advance. The money for Club always to be sent in advance.

No. 138 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. O. B. We believe there is such a firm as you mention. Of the book we know nothing.

## FULTON AND FITCH.

The credit given to Robert Fulton is two recent addressees—one by Mr. K. Joy Morris, and the other by Mr. Edward Everett—as the first man who practically demonstrated the utility of steam as a motive power, naturally gives rise to reflections upon the unreliability of the verdicts pronounced by History and by Fame.

To Robert Fulton is almost universally awarded the merit in question, while it is susceptible of the clearest proof that the credit of first using steam for the propulsion of boats, really belongs to John Fitch, of Philadelphia.

Robert Fulton's boat, the "Clement," instead of being the first, was really the eighteenth—and yet we hear Fulton's name mentioned one hundred times to where we hear the names of Fitch, Rumsey and Symington mentioned once. A short paragraph now before us seems to embody the facts of the case; we will quote it:—

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£50 12 6

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16 8

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## LETTER FROM PARIS.

MADAME DE GIRARDIN.—(Concluded.)

PARIS, June 22, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—  
The Baron de la G—— having withdrawn from the field, as narrated in my last letter, M. Emile de Girardin, then a young man without friends or fortune, but already noted for his talent, and regarded as one who was sure to make his way in the world, took the position so abruptly abandoned by the Baron. He was accepted by the fair Delphine, and the marriage took place in 1831. In the following year, Madame de Girardin, as we must now call her, published two novels, entitled "The Opera Glass," and "An Old Maid's Tales to Her Nephews;" in 1832, *Néapolis*, generally regarded as the best of her poems; in 1832, another novel, *Monsieur le Marquis de Posteux*, and, in 1834, a fourth novel, *The Case of Monsieur de Balsac*. In the course of the same year, her husband having founded *La Presse*, a daily newspaper, she began writing, in that journal, a series of weekly letters, which she continued until 1846, and in which under the pseudonym of the "Viscounte de Launy," she recounted the various incidents of the preceding week; describes the promenade of Longchamp, the procession of the *Baix Gras*, a Mass in Music at St. Roch or the Madeleine; reports the latest gossip touching M. Guizot, the Due de Berri, the old names of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the new ones of the Chassane d'Anzin; discusses the last sermon of the Abbé de Ravignan, the newest role of M. Léonard Lemaire, the arrival of some fresh modistes at *Jardin des Plantes*, the races, the fashions, the last ball, the doings of the Legislative Chambers, and the policy of the Citizen King, for whom she seems not to have professed much affection or respect. This review of the various topics of the moment, in which, though the lighter elements predominated, more serious subjects were not wanting, abounding alike in vivid pictures, shrewd observation, and good-humored criticism, written in a lively, graceful, brilliant style, sometimes caustic, often witty, always in good taste, was read with avidity by the public of Paris, always on the *qui vive* for amusing gossip, and so greatly was the popularity of the *Presse* increased by the contributions of the elegant "Viscounte," that the shareholders of the journal at a meeting convened for that purpose, decided that, for each of these letters, the sum of \$100 should be paid to their author.

It was in 1839 that Madame de Girardin made her first appearance in the character of a dramatist; her *School for Journalists*, a comedy in five acts, and in verse, having been received without a dissenting voice, by the amateur Committee of the *Théâtre Français*. The success of this play was very slight; but having formed an intimate friendship with Rachel, Madame de Girardin next wrote two tragedies, *Judit*, and *Cleopatra*, which were brought out respectively in 1843 and 1847. But though written with much elegance, and containing passages of unquestionable merit, both are so deficient in some interest that not even the magnificent acting of the greatest of modern tragedians could save them from failure.

The sympathies of Madame de Girardin, but slightly enlisted on behalf of the Constitutional Government of July, were still less favorable to the Republic which succeeded its overthrow. During the political disturbances that followed the Revolution of 1848, she wrote much and angrily on the conflicting interests and opinions of the time; to the great disappointment of her friends, who regretted the employment of so charming and brilliant a talent in the barren field of party strife. But the course of events, subsequent to 1852, having been unfavorable to the line of political action advocated by her husband, Madame de Girardin gradually relinquished the share she had previously taken in the editorship of the *Presse*, and returned to the more congenial sphere of purely literary creation.

Unfortunate as had been her first attempts at dramatic writing, Madame de Girardin was unable to renounce the hope of achieving ultimate success in this species of composition.

She had produced, in 1851, a one act comedy, in verse, called "Tis the Husband's Fault," which had met with a far better reception on the part of the public, than the more ambitious attempts which had preceded it; and in 1853, a second comedy, called *Lady Taffie*, obtained a decided success.

*Lady Taffie* was followed, the same year, by the appearance of two novels, *Marguerite*, or, *The Two Loves*, and *We Must Not trifl With Sorrow*; which rank among the best of her productions. In 1854, Madame de Girardin brought out her one act, prose comedy, *Joy Has Its Dangers*, which took the sympathies of Paris by storm, and won for its author the most brilliant of her successes, and also *The Clockmaker's Hat*, a one act farce, as humorous as original, and that keeps the audience in a roar of laughter from the first scene to the last; a double triumph, which amply compensated for the disappointments that had followed her first attempts at dramatic writing, and that raised her to the highest rank among the playwrights of the day.

The talent of Madame de Girardin was now in its plenitude. Her later works had so utterly eclipsed, in solid and enduring merit, the highly-vaunted but far inferior productions of her youth, that her admirers felt fully justified in anticipating a long line of brilliant successes from her mature powers. But a fatal malady—cancer of the stomach—was already undermining her existence. The resources of medical science, and the affectionate devotion of her friends, were alike powerless to arrest the progress of the disease; and she died on the 20th of June, 1855, within a year after the achievement of her most brilliant literary success.

The early death of Madame de Girardin has left a void in Parisian society that will not easily be filled. Her grace, elegance and ready wit, her large and generous intelligence, her unwavering attachment to old friends, and her remarkable social aptitudes, and the rare tact with which she did the honors of her drawing-room, all conspired to render her house the most

popular residence of the capital. It may, indeed, be said that her drawing-room, was the last representative of the traditional Parisian salon, such as it was in the last few generations preceding our own; for the art of "holding a salon," possessed in such perfection by the *Revolutions*, seems to be dying out from among the Frenchwomen of to-day, and with it the correlative "art of conversation," which probably depends more intimately than is generally imagined, upon it.

It is evident that the crowded assemblages now so much in vogue, must be unfavorable to the development of conversation, in the first place, because the people thus assembled are, for the most part, little known to one another, and, in the second place (and this point is perhaps the more important of the two), because they usually so far outnumber the seats provided for them. These seats being given up almost wholly to the "weaker sex," the ladies are thus made to form a circle, more or less formal, from which the gentlemen are practically excluded; and are consequently reduced to the necessity, if they talk at all, of talking to one another; while the gentlemen lean against the walls, or form groups in corners and about the doors, reduced, like the ladies, to remain silent, or to talk to one another. Nothing is more common now-a-days in Paris than the lamentations of house-mistresses over the separation between the sexes, so generally to be seen at evening parties, and the decline of conversational talent. But if, instead of confining themselves to idle complaints of the stiffness and rapidity of their last soiree, these ladies would give themselves the trouble of reflecting upon the probable causes of the general dullness of evening parties unrelied by dancing, they might possibly not find it so difficult as they might imagine to restore to these assemblies something of the charm which they have undoubtedly lost of late. For who has not been conscious, on entering a drawing-room, of the subtle but most powerful influence exerted on one's feelings, and even on one's intellectual condition, by the appearance and disposition of the room? Who, for instance, has not found oneself agreeably predisposed to the exercise of one's powers of speech by the sight of cosy little groups of comfortable-looking seats? And who, on the contrary, has not felt both brain and tongue becoming paralyzed at the sight of a formidable circle of wide-spreading gowns, and outstanding masses of black broadcloth, forming two distinct camps, between which any attempt at parley seems impossible?

Listen to what Madame de Girardin, a sovereign authority on this matter, once replied to a complaining lady friend, whom she was trying to convince that, if people no longer converse at evening parties, with the animation and pleasure of other times, this change has resulted, in great measure, from the fact, that, in most modern drawing-rooms, the seats are indifferently placed.

"The arrangement of a drawing-room," said Madame de Girardin to this complaining friend, "is like a piece of landscape-gardening; its apparent disorder is not the result of neglect, nor of chance, but is, on the contrary, the highest achievement of art, the result of the most skillful combination. There should be, in the drawing room, clumps of chairs and sofas, as there are, in the garden, clumps of trees and shrubs. Don't turn your garden into a formal *parterre*; but make of it a landscape-garden, in the English style. If the seats in your drawing-room be symmetrically arranged, the first hours of your party will be unbearable dull; but for so long as the chairs are in regular order, all attempts at conversation will be cold and languishing. It is only towards the end of the evening, when the symmetrical arrangement of the seats has been broken up, when chairs and sofas have yielded to the necessities and interests of the company, that conversation can spring up among the guests, and their meeting can become agreeable. And it is just when they are thus beginning to enjoy themselves, that they will be compelled, by the lateness of the hour, to go away! Do you wish to know what you must do in order to make your parties pleasant? You must study the disorder in which your drawing-room is left when your guests have retired. This disorder is most eloquent; listen to its teachings. Look at the chairs. See how they are grouped in the way most convenient for conversation. The different groups seem really to have remained where they are in order to enjoy a little chat among themselves after the guests had gone away. Instead of putting them back stiffly into their places, respect their ingenuous grouping; and let the disorder of their position at the end of a *soiree*, be a lesson to you how to place them, before your next party, ready for your guests."

With the art of arranging sympathetically one's drawing-room chairs, that of choosing and harmonizing the guests who are to occupy them, should, of course, be combined; and this double talent was possessed by Madame de Girardin in a pre-eminent degree. Her voice was clear; her enunciation graceful, rapid, and prompt; her conversation sparkling, lively, and striking, and she had the art of always saying the right thing at the right time. She had a merry, hearty laugh, and a kindly way of bringing out to the best advantage the talents of those around her, and of putting them at their ease.

On passing into womanhood, her girlish beauty had ripened and improved. Her features, somewhat too sharply defined during her girlhood, were softened and harmonized by the fuller development of maturity. She was tall and large in person; the proportions of her figure being rather majestic than elegant. That she rejoiced in the conscious possession of beauty, she has candidly confessed in many of her earlier poems, and it was probably true of in after her life; for the love of beauty, elegance, refinement, was one of her distinguishing characteristics. But she was certainly neither proud nor vain of her personal charms, and appears to have regarded them rather as being good and agreeable in themselves, as matter for personal glorification. Her grace of movement was enhanced by a dignity which seemed perfectly natural and unaffected; and a certain simplicity and severity both of dress and manner, imparted an additional charm to the richness which, in after life, she liked to display in the one, and the habitual animation and spontaneity of the other.

One of her last wishes was that her life might be prolonged until she should have heard the musical clash of a fountain which she was having made under a fine old horse-chestnut tree outside her window, under which she had been fond of sitting. The idea of this fountain had been in her mind for years, as a thing to be placed under her favorite tree some time or other; and when she found that her life was closing, she pressed forward the execution of this project with all the eagerness of a dying wish. But it was too late. Before the much-desired fountain could be got ready to play, the spirit that had summoned it into existence had departed.

Excessively fond of flowers, she requested, in the brief and touching will she drew up shortly before her death, that "if she died in the spring, a few flowers might be laid upon her grave;" and those who were with her when she died, remember that, with almost her latest breath, she spoke of flowers.

Sympathetic fond of writing and of society, no one ever saw her with a pen in her hand, nor did the earliest visitor ever catch her in disarray. Like Mozart, she invariably made her toilet before beginning to write; and even when most deeply buried in the creation of a novel or a play, she was always elegantly dressed, and ready, at any moment, to receive and enjoy a visit. Those who saw her most frequently affirm that she never showed a trace either of ink or of pre-occupation; and that, while devoting a considerable portion of her time to writing, she never seemed to have any thing to do.

The most distinguished writers and artists of the day were her constant associates and admirers; the one thing on which she seems to have prided herself being her wide circle of brilliant and affectionate friends, among whom were included Soulié, De Balzac, George Sand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Du Ménestrel, De Vigny, Mory, D'Orsay, Caharra, Chassérioux, Gérard de Nerval, and a host of local celebrities. Several of them had formed a habit of calling upon her on their way home from the theatre or other scenes of the evening's amusement, and were received by her in her bedroom—tastefully furnished as a parlor, and the bed concealed in an alcove, as is the fashion in France—where a dozen luxurious arm-chairs were always placed round a blazing fire, ready for those extemporized visits, which, commencing about midnight, were often prolonged until two or three o'clock in the morning. These unnumerous midnight visits of her most intimate friends, during which the guests discussed with the hostess the news of the day, talked of their own works and projects and those of their neighbors, struck out new ideas or compared notes upon old ones, seem to have constituted Madame de Girardin's most valued social pleasure.

Keenly alive as was Madame de Girardin to the satisfaction of social enjoyment and intellectual companionship, and brilliantly as she played her part in the sphere which she had created for herself, it is nevertheless to be regretted that she should have allowed her audience to be so exclusively moulded by the peculiar forms of Parisian life. Fed and fatigued from her earliest years, her native goodness and simplicity preserved her, to a great degree, from the injurious effects which such a diet of sweetmeats and syllabub must have produced in the case of a mental and moral temperament less healthily constituted than her own; but it is probable that she possessed qualities for work of a much higher order than anything she actually accomplished, and that these remained dormant for want of a nearer acquaintance with the serious realities and aspirations which lie beyond the ephemeral interests of the drawing-room region in which she passed her life, and from which her inspirations—even in her best and maturest efforts—were principally drawn.

"The arrangement of a drawing-room," said Madame de Girardin to this complaining friend, "is like a piece of landscape-gardening; its apparent disorder is not the result of neglect, nor of chance, but is, on the contrary, the highest achievement of art, the result of the most skillful combination. There should be, in the drawing room, clumps of chairs and sofas, as there are, in the garden, clumps of trees and shrubs. Don't turn your garden into a formal *parterre*; but make of it a landscape-garden, in the English style. If the seats in your drawing-room be symmetrically arranged, the first hours of your party will be unbearable dull; but for so long as the chairs are in regular order, all attempts at conversation will be cold and languishing. It is only towards the end of the evening, when the symmetrical arrangement of the seats has been broken up, when chairs and sofas have yielded to the necessities and interests of the company, that conversation can spring up among the guests, and their meeting can become agreeable. And it is just when they are thus beginning to enjoy themselves, that they will be compelled, by the lateness of the hour, to go away! Do you wish to know what you must do in order to make your parties pleasant? You must study the disorder in which your drawing-room is left when your guests have retired. This disorder is most eloquent; listen to its teachings. Look at the chairs. See how they are grouped in the way most convenient for conversation. The different groups seem really to have remained where they are in order to enjoy a little chat among themselves after the guests had gone away. Instead of putting them back stiffly into their places, respect their ingenuous grouping; and let the disorder of their position at the end of a *soiree*, be a lesson to you how to place them, before your next party, ready for your guests."

Her poetic compositions, notwithstanding the success they met with on their first appearance, are, as already remarked, very inferior to her prose, and would probably now be voted unreadable by most people. The general style of these pieces may be inferred from the opening couplet of the first of them which obtained the honors of Academic approval:—

"Ye blessed Seraphim, celestial throngs,  
Suspend, one moment, your delicious song."

The most pretentious of her rhyming compositions are the unsuccessful tragedies which she wrote for Rachel, and which undoubtedly contain many passages of neat and clever writing; while the most poetic is perhaps the "Song to the Night."

The profound sadness and weariness of life, the moral gloom and hopelessness, so eloquently expressed in the verses just mentioned, seem to have constituted a mental mood with which, amidst the social and intellectual excitement that surrounded her, Madame de Girardin was not unfamiliar; and this state of dependency appears to have deepened with the progress of her malady, until the intensity of her yearning for some conclusive proof of the continuance of our existence beyond the grave, led her to throw herself with fervent ardor into the practice of "table-rapping" and its kindred exercises. During the last year of her life, she passed several hours daily in conversing with the unseen intelligences with whom she believed herself to be thus brought into communication.

Through the severe suffering of the last stage of her illness, she retained full possession of all her faculties, and was able to receive her more intimate friends until a very short period before its termination. The gift which some fairy godmother seemed to have showered around her in her cradle, retained their charm to the close of her career. Graceful, elegant, and keenly alive to external impressions to the last, her thoughts were so clear, her conversation so vivid and energetic, even in her latest moments, that the few who were admitted to her presence, knowing that her hours were numbered, always quitted her sofa with as much admiration as regret.

One of her last wishes was that her life might be prolonged until she should have heard the musical clash of a fountain which she was having made under a fine old horse-chestnut tree outside her window, under which she had been fond of sitting. The idea of this fountain had been in her mind for years, as a thing to be placed under her favorite tree some time or other; and when she found that her life was closing, she pressed forward the execution of this project with all the eagerness of a dying wish. But it was too late. Before the much-desired fountain could be got ready to play, the spirit that had summoned it into existence had departed.

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Leaving out of view certain obscure particulars of her private history, of which it would be difficult for those who did not know her personally, to arrive at a just appreciation, and which the public eye has no right to see, such was the life, and such the death, of the distinguished woman who was, for so many years, the center of the most brilliant literary circle of the French capital.

In obedience to her often-expressed desire, the cheques of Madame de Girardin were performed with the utmost simplicity; but so general was the regret excited by her death, and so great was the expense assembled at her funeral, that it may be said, almost without exaggeration, that all Paris followed her mortal remains to the grave. QUANTUM.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Official Correspondence.—The following is the official correspondence, relative to the visit of the Prince of Wales, to the United States:

To Her Majesty, Queen Victoria:—I have learned from the public journals that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of His Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how highly I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington.

You may be well assured that everywhere in this country you will be greeted by the American people in such a manner as cannot fail to give great gratification to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their convictions of your wisdom, patriotism, and constitutional sovereign. JAMES BOUCHANAN.

Washington, June 9, 1860.

RECKLINGHAM PALACE, June 22, 1860.

My Good Friend:—I have been much gratified at the feeling which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that those feelings are fully reciprocated by me. He will thus be able at the same time to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and friendly State and kindred nation.

The Prince will drop all royal state on leaving my dominions, and travel under the name of Lord Ranfurly, as he has done when traveling on the continent of Europe.

The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I remain ever your good friend,

VICTORIA R.

JAMES, my Novelist.—It is always pleasant to learn that the virtues an author praises are the virtues he practices. Especially is it so when the author is a romantic, and, as such, is commonly considered to be a recluse, and a person of conduct which find no support in his own life. The following incident in the life of Mr. James proves that the man and the writer were one, that he was capable of doing practically what he was capable of representing fictionally.

When Mr. James was a young man, his cousin was about to marry the daughter of an eminent lawyer of the time, and the title-deeds of this gentleman's entailed property were, at the request of the father of the young lady, submitted to his examination. The keen lawyer discovered that the parents of the gentleman, although moving in the best society of London, had never been married. Mr. James was made acquainted with this awkward fact, and at the same time informed that he himself was the half-sister. The match was about to be broken off, and much distress occasioned on every side, when Mr. James, having quietly taken possession of the property, went at once to the unhappy young man, his relative, and conveyed to him the whole of the property, which amounted to a very handsome independent.

Twenty Thousand for Police.—The Japanese are reported to have made a singular demonstration of that which most impressed them in the United States. They left the sum total of twenty thousand dollars, to be given to the police, thus declaring that, in return for the benefits conferred on themselves here, the point in which they could most aid us and promote our permanent happiness, would be to strengthen the police. Admirable conclusion! In the city they last visited, and which, of course, left the most powerful impression upon them, the necessity of a greater police force is too apparent to be for a moment overlooked.

The great public scramble called a ball, which was held there but a few days before the exit of the Japanese, demonstrated that even life is unsafe there without a more efficient police. They have accordingly appropriated the sum of \$20,000 to be distributed to the police, according to the number of men employed, and the number of days in service. The Japanese were in Philadelphia seven days, and 711 men were on the police force. The police of this city received \$3,300. In Washington, 160 men, for twenty-four days, got \$2,650. In Baltimore, 400 men, one day, \$300. In New York, 1,596 men, thirteen days, got \$13,500.

SOME FUN LEFT FOR SINGLE FOLKS.—Dr. Hart K. Hunt, of Boston, on the 27th of June, celebrated her professional "silver wedding," that is, the 25th anniversary of the date when she commenced the practice of medicine. Her house was ornamented with flowers, evergreens, pictures, and statues, with appropriate mottoes on every spot. Her bedchamber—furnished with the same old chairs, couch, bed, even to the sheets and pillow-cases, as at the period of her birth—was adorned with appropriate emblems and mottoes. One small room was sacred to her friends in the spirit land—and portraits, wreaths, or vases of flowers, pressed leaves of grasses, and affectionate sentiments, told the story of loving remembrance. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the formal exercises commenced by the entrance into her parlor of Dr. Hunt, preceded by a hand of girls in pure attire, there was then prayer and music, and religious and literary exercises. A ring of gold was presented from the managers of the Hospital for Women and Children. In the evening, there was tea, dancing, reading of correspondence, and a graceful hilarity. Miss Harris Hosmer, the sculptor, was present.

NEW YORK OFFICIALS.—Ex Alderman Geest, in New York, and two city officials, Ketcham and Green, are reported to have attempted to take unwarrantable liberties with the wife and daughter of an ex-commissioner, whom they had invited to a sail on the bay. The women screamed, were put ashore and the gentlemen sailed off. The whole affair is a fitting commentary upon the morals and manners of the sort of people who are made aldermen and commissioners. It was but a few days ago, that a couple of these beautiful "city fathers" were engaged in a pugilistic encounter in Jones's Woods; and now, here they are figuring in an attempt to commit rape.

## WHAT ONE YEAR BROUGHT.

What had told me a year ago,  
As I lay, all lone, at my darling's feet,  
What our hearts would know more cold than  
Death,  
And our eyes never meet when we meet—

If they had told me the treasured love  
Would be stilled and struck in the bosom  
Home;  
What love, and devotion, and tenderness  
Would become but life—

If they had told me the ring you wore  
(With whom, the opal's changing hue);  
Would be lying crushed at my feet on the floor  
For the love that it bound to me—

If they had told me my love was a lie,  
That your faith was falshood, and false your  
heart;

That you would change avocation to none, and I  
Should give more for your more, and depart—

I should have said, with a laugh, that the sun  
Would be dark, the hills towering, and shallow  
the sea;

One short year through life moves and its rose has  
run,  
Yet you are wedded, and I am free.

W. W. M.

## THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

## A REMARKABLE STORY.

In a large, lonely house, situated in the south of England, there once lived a lady and her two maid-servants. They were far away from all human habitation, but they seemed to have felt no fear, but to have dwelt there peacefully and happily. It was the lady's custom with her maid-servants, to go round the house every evening, to see if all the windows and doors were properly secured. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and announced that all was safe. They left her in the passage close to her room, and then went to their own, which was quite at the outside of the house. As the lady opened the door, she distinctly saw a man under the bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away, and could not hear her if she screamed for help, and even if they had come to her assistance, these three weak women were no match for a desperate housebreaker. How, then, did she act? She trusted in God. Quietly she closed the door, and looked it on the inside, which she was always in the habit of doing. She then hurriedly undressed her hair, and putting on her dressing gown, she took her Bible and sat down to read. She read aloud, and above a chapter that had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us, and constant care of us by night and by day. When it was finished, she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commanding herself and servants to God's protection and dwelling upon their utter helplessness, and dependence upon Him to preserve them from all danger. At last she rose from her knees, put out her candle, and laid down in bed; but she did not sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed, she was conscious that the man was standing by her bedside. He begged of her not to be alarmed. "I came here to rob you, but after the words you have said, and the prayers you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companion, which they will understand, and then we will go away and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed." He then went to the window, opened it, and whistled softly. Returning to the lady's side (who had not spoken or moved) he said, "Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster will befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and beautiful faith and trust. When the morning dawned, and she awoke, we may feel she peeped out her thanksgivings and praises to Him who had "defended" her "under His wings," and "kept" her "safe under His feathers," so that she was not "afraid of any terror by night." The man was true to his word, and not a thing in the house had been taken. Oh! shall we not hope that his heart was changed from that day forth, and that he forsook his evil courses, and cried to that Saviour, "who came to seek and to save that which is lost," and even on the cross did not reject the penitent thief. From this story let us learn to put our whole trust and confidence in God. This lady's courage was indeed wonderful; but "the Lord was her defense upon her right hand," and "with Him all things are possible."—London Packet.

ADDITION.

We have received an extract from a letter fully corroborating the remarkable anecdote of "The Lady and the Robber," in our Oct. number, and adding some facts that enhance the wonder and mercy of her escape. We quote the words of the letter:—"In the first place the robber told her that if she had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance, he had fully determined to murder her; so that it was God's good guidance that told her to follow the course she took." Then before he went away, he said: "I must have the book you read out of," and carried off her Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure. This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear any more of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where after several noted clergymen and others had spoken, a man arose, stating that he was employed as one of the bookkeepers of the society, and told the story of the midnight adventure, as a testimony of the wonderful power of the word of God. He concluded, "I was that man." The lady rose from her seat in the hall, and said quietly, "It is all quite true, I was that lady," and sat down again.—London Packet.

## THE CONJUROR.

BY DAVID PRINCE MILLER.

THE VANISHING CHILD TRAP.—This experiment is performed by means of a trick-table, notwithstanding a cloth hangs in front of the table, which is lifted up, showing the audience that there is nothing under it, and no apparent preparation. The table has a trap on the surface top, large enough to admit of a person getting through it; it is made in two halves. A large basket, as tall as the child who is to disappear, is prepared; the child is placed upon the table, covered with the basket. A pistol is fired; the basket is shown empty, and the child gone. Immediately on the basket being covered over, the boy or girl gets through the trap. Where does he go? The table has a second top, which fits exactly underneath the top; it is held up by strong India rubber bands, one at each corner. When the vanishing individual opens one half of the trap, and places his foot upon the underneath top, he forces it down to its position, *vis*: upon four small projections or shoulders, one upon each leg of the table, and lies himself down upon this shelf. The shelf, of course, is not pressed down, any further than that the drapery which hangs around it can conceal; it is generally the last trick the conjuror performs. The curtain down, the mysterious disappearance of course releases himself from his narrow prison; but I have seen it done by causing a respiration. In that case, the basket is placed upon the table a second time, and the concealed child regains his position under the basket. The conjuror then lifts the drapery a second time, and nothing is seen under the table, because, of course, when the weight is taken off the trick shelf, the India-rubber bands spring it up once underneath the top of the table.

I have seen and conversed with gentlemen from India, who relate most extraordinary accounts of the jugglers in that country, and the following is the description I have had of the basket and child trick, as performed by them. A party of jugglers request and obtain permission to perform in an open square, the bazaar yard. The juggler has no table or apparatus to aid him in his trick. He performs a number of marvels which would make the fortune of any conjurer in this country, and then he introduces the basket and child trick. A little black fellow, who has been assisting him in his various experiments, commits some fault; the juggler gets into a furious rage, takes the child savagely up, dashes him on the ground, covers him with the basket, draws his sword, plunges it into the basket, cries are heard, and when the sword is drawn from the basket it is dripping and reeking with blood. The juggler, still furious, gives the basket a violent kick, which goes spinning away. It is empty; the child is not there. The juggler assumes an attitude of astonishment, presently starts, points to a particular part of his ring of spectators; the little black fellow is seen emerging from among them, runs to his master, who takes him in his arms, kisses him, and thus ends the performance. My informant told me that the man so well acted his part, that had it not been for the circumstances of a guard (which was placed over them at the request of the performers) being there to keep the crowd off and to protect them, that the audience were so excited that they would have laid violent hands upon them. I have no doubt, but that this performance, as described, did take place. How, then, could it be accomplished? The performer is surrounded by his audience. Every movement back and front can be seen. How did he perform his trick? The only way in which I can imagine is as thus.—In the first place, suspending the basket to have a cloth lining painted similar to the basket work, and that at the top of such basket a leather strap was firmly fixed in the form of a faston, so that the child could lean his stomach over, his legs hanging over one side, and his head and arms on the other, and then, by touching a spring or pulling a string, the lining would completely conceal the child; the juggler kicks the basket violently, the boy inside favors the motion of the basket, and away it goes spinning along. The child is then seen emerging from the crowd—the attention of the spectators is directed to it, and the assistance of the juggler at this particular moment removes the basket to their baggage heap, caravan, or whatever it may be, and the prisoner from the basket is released. There are, I consider, two children to perform this trick. We will suppose, among a miscellaneous assemblage of auditors, that one has a loose dress, and that under this dress may be concealed a second child. A belt round the body and a pair of stirrups would easily effect this. The child would grasp its companion round the waist, put its feet in the stirrups, and ride at ease, releasing itself at a given signal, &c. The sword being pierced through the basket is a very easy matter. A little rose-pink and sponge would produce the effect of blood, and as to the reeking, imagination goes a long way to assist all such proceedings. Of course those Indian conjurers are like ourselves at home—it's all deception; and I think the above idea as to how it is done, or something like it, is a plausible view of the matter.—London Field.

## THE HARMONY OF MOTION.

The ancients were right in connecting the idea of motion with harmony and music, and even with the act of creation itself.

Motion is the great equalizer and balance-keeper. The school-boy will twirl his book on the end of his pencil without being at all particular about the centre of gravity; and it makes no difference, where he starts his top, whether its axis be perpendicular or aslant, or whether it wobbles or runs true; its own motion corrects all aberrance, and brings it under the laws of spheres. Motion will keep a drunken man on his feet when he would collapse were he to assume the posture of the tree. The primary colors, painted upon a wheel, may, by motion, be blended into a perfect white.

Active duty hides and heals many defects in a man's character; harmonizes many dispositions, smooths down the two salient points, takes of horns and pates on them, and rounds up and fills out. Astronomers tell us, that the rings of the sun are very irregular in surface and unequal in thickness, but that their mo-

tion equalizes and balances them; so in life, action harmonizes and organizes the different elements, and keeps up the order and regularity of things. We look upon the second law, which is becoming quite prevalent among men of science, that motion is the primary and normal condition of all matter, and that the temporary, accidental condition, is opposition to the old belief that rest is the primary state, as a great advance in scientific generalization, and as indicating that science is beginning to look beyond accident and detail, to law and unity, beyond appearance to a higher reality.

How far motion is connected with the law of creation, or metempsychosis, is hard to define; yet consider that all growth is motion, and all death is rest; that the earth, by creation's revolutions, has grown up from ocean, as the potter's wheel from clay, to its present state of geological development; that festering puts become pure, limp, wafer or motion; that iron acquires new properties in the use; that the health and strength of the system are preserved by exercise; and that from motion spring the law and harmony of the universe.

## BLUNDERS OF LAWYERS.

Although the lawyers, as a rule, are extremely careful in drawing legal documents, some very fatal blunders have been made by them. One of the most eminent one-temperance lawyers that ever graced the English bar, once, in drawing a will, made so fatal a mistake that it deprived the party whom he was specially and most anxiously instructed to benefit, of no less a sum than £14,000 a year and this merely by the omission of the single word "Gentleman." Lord Denman made his own will, and made a null of it. The late Mr. Justice Crowder also drew his own will, but omitted to execute it in proper form. We collect another rather remarkable blunder made by the lawyers, which happened, comparatively speaking, very recently. Lincoln's Inn was ex-empted from poor-rates as extra-parochial, and the bounds were set out in a private act of Parliament, but, from oversight or carelessness, the lawyers omitted the garden; the consequence was, that the buildings thereon were rated to the poor at £4,000 per annum. Another blunder, and a judicial one, too, had rather a curious result. Not many years ago, Lord Caledon Pollock, at the Monmouth Assizes, in order to get through the business, assigned the trial of several criminal cases to Sergeant Allen, who accordingly took his seat on the bench. When he had disposed of some twelve or fifteen cases, it was discovered that the learned sergeant's name had not been mentioned in the commission, and that consequently his powers as a judge were about as great as those of the chief of the court. All the criminals had therefore to be tried by the Lord Chief Baron, when one of them, who had been sentenced to fifteen years' transportation, on his first conviction, escaped with only seven on the second. We will just mention one more instance. In the will of that celebrated millionaire, Mr. Arkwright, there is a line perhaps more valuable than any one line that was ever before or will ever again be written: it is—"I bequeath to my son-in-law, Sir R. Wiggin, one million sterling." Now, Sir R. Wiggin had married Mr. Arkwright's daughter; the testator was desirous of bequeathing that daughter and her husband, and therefore made the bequest as above stated. I am not aware whether the will was drawn by a professional man or not, but very probably it was. Now, had old Mr. Arkwright left the one million sterling to his daughter, instead of his husband, the bequest would have been materially the same, for the husband would have a right to the legacy directly it was paid to the wife. The testator, however, thought proper to give to his son-in-law, whereupon let us see the consequence. Had the testator bequeathed the money to Lady Wiggin, she, being a daughter, would have had £1 per cent. legacy duty to pay—that would be £10,000; but having given the legacy to his son-in-law, who was not a blood relation, £10 per cent. legacy duty had to be paid, which of course amounted to £100,000. Thus, through ignorance or mistake, the sum of £90,000 was absolutely thrown away by a person who was careful of every farthing he received.

## SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

"Sowing his wild oats"—ays' sowing them deep

In the heart of a mother to blossom in tears.

And shadow with grief the decline of her years.

"Sowing his wild oats," to silver the head

Of the sire who watched his first pulse throb with joy.

And whose voice went to heaven in prayer for the boy.

"Sowing his wild oats," to spring up and choke

The flowers in the garden of a sister, whose love

Is as pure and as bright as the blue sky above.

"Sowing his wild oats," Aye! cheeks shall

grow pale

And sorrow shall wither the heart of the wife

When mankind thus squanders the prime of his life.

"Sowing his wild oats," Death only shall reap

With his keen sharpened scythe; the fruits will be found

In the grave-yard near by, 'neath that grass-covered mound.

WOULD NOT THIS LIE AXE.—The late Lady Morgan baffled every attempt to ascertain her exact age. In 1855, her biographer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, sent her an old newspaper, dated December, 1807, containing an eminently creditable letter from her pen. This was the answer he received:—"Lady Morgan presents Mr. Fitzpatrick her compliments and best thanks for the enclosure of her early (very early!) scrap of authorship written when she but 'lied in numbers.' She has no recollection of the letter he has sent her, but she remembers writing something of the same kind on the back of the little sweeps of Dublin in her thirteenth year, which obtained notice from her friend, The Freeman." It turns out that when the lines were written, she was not in her thirteenth, but her thirty-third year, having been born in 1775.

THE TESTE.

Said Dr. Ormond, (at the head of his profession in his own State): "If dentistry had reached its present perfection when I was a young man, the whole tenor of my life would have been altered."

Why?

"I was addressing a young lady of great

moral worth and unusual personal attractions,

and the heiress of a large fortune. She had

not reached her twentieth year. In a state of

repose, her face was perfectly beautiful. But

when she smiled, a set of teeth were presented,

so discolored, so uneven, so defective and

deformed, and the breath was so offensive, that

I could not possibly recommend it to myself

for life to circumlocution.

The very thought of it was abhorrent to me,

so I gradually withdrew my attention, and

wedded poverty with a sweet mouth."

Charity may cover a multitude of sins; and a

great estate may avail as great a multitude of

personal defects, to the uneducated and the

ugly, but the wealth of Cremona could not

recommend a man of culture and refinement

to a snobbish tooth and an odorous breath.

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INVOCATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY AUGUST BELL.

Take care of me, oh, world,—  
I come among you, knowing not your ways,  
For all my days  
I've spent in dwelling where wild roses blow,  
And wandering where the dreamy waters flow.  
So that I do not know  
Much of Life's ways.

But I have read,  
Hidden away in quiet, many books,  
Many great books  
Of glorious ones who came like rays of light,  
To make earth Heavenly bright;  
Until each night  
Their holy looks

In dreams have shone  
Upon my soul, until it kindled up  
With sweet great hope

To be their helper, and I prayed until  
My God spoke to me, and my heart stood still  
To hear His holy will,  
And take Life's cup.

I have been sad,—  
I have known something of heart-loneliness  
And deep distress,—  
But it is over,—and I come to you  
Almost a child, fresh from the flowers and dew,—  
Be kind to me and true,  
Oh, World, in grace!

I come for good,—  
I want to be a comforter, and give  
Pure thoughts to all who live,—  
All who are sad and lonely here below,—  
To be their sunshine as we heavenward go,—  
To hear and soothe all who,  
And make love thrive.

I come to bless,—  
I want to be a little ray of light  
Where all is night—  
The sorrow I have felt has taught me well,  
What tears to shed,—what kind, sweet words to tell,—  
The glad peace that I feel  
How to rejoice aright.

Oh, mighty World!  
Oh, World so full of wearing sorrows and care,  
Sins and despair,—  
I'm but a child, only in spirit strong,  
But sure you need a comforter among  
Your hurrying throng,  
So grant my prayer.

Boston, June, 1860.

\$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER," "THE  
RED COUNTRY FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EVIL DEATH.

Did Lionel Danesbury amend his ways and drink less, now that he had assumed graver duties? Surely this marriage of his, this settling in a home of his own, might have proved a turning point. It may be, that he did not strive to break through his disastrous habits, too conscious that they had become part and parcel of himself; or, it may be, that he strove to make the effort, and strove in vain. Whether he did or not, will never be known now. Far from any amendment resulting, he grew worse than before, and it was a rare thing now, morning, noon or night, for him to be seen entirely sober. As to Robert—the less that is said about him in detail, the better.

As the months went on, and this change for the worse appeared in Lionel, Mrs. Danesbury thought it best to pocket her pride, and be reconciled. She fancied that her renewed favor and interest might be productive of some good effect upon him. She never could be cordial with his wife; not quite cordial; there must, and would, always be a reserve in her manner, as from a lady to an inferior. Poor Katherine Danesbury was sadly changed, her hope-novels of her husband's reformation were worse than not realized. She was an excellent wife to him, a slave to him night and day, and Mr. Danesbury openly avowed his opinion that she was a far better and more patient wife than Lionel deserved.

They had been married about ten months, when one evening at dusk, Lionel's wife appeared at Danesbury House, sorrow in her eye and suffering in her pale cheek. If she had come to tell of trouble, she had not chosen an opportune time, for Robert had been causing an unpleasant scene. He had been demanding money of his father, and when Mr. Danesbury refused it, had broken out into a torrent of abuse, both of his father and mother, had dashed about the room, raving and swearing, and then rushed from the house. That he was so overcome as not to be fully aware of his words, was no excuse. For the last three days, he had not been for one minute sober, and his actions had partaken of insanity. They were sitting on each side the fire, Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury, and she was lamenting openly; weeping bitterly; his sorrows were buried in silence, but they were eating away his very heartstrings. He was a towering, upright man; when first saw him, never a finer man in Eastborough. Can it be, that the shaken frame, obliged to be supported by a stick, when walking, the withered cheek, the bent back are his? In so few years, can he thus have changed? It is not the years that have changed him, but the sorrow they have brought. The sons that were born to him in his manhood, and whom he loved as the apple of his eye, whom he fondly favored, liberally educated, whom he expected to be the comfort of his old age, these sons have heaped shame and sadness upon him; they are rendering his days a scene of strife and wretchedness, and are contributing to bring them to a close. It was thus, as Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury were

sitting there, chewing the bitter end of unavailing grief, that a servant opened the door and ushered in Lionel's wife.

"Well, Katherine," cried Mr. Danesbury, as he pointed to a chair beside him, and there was a painful amount of sadness and suffering in his subdued tones, "you look as if you had something bad to tell."

Katherine strove to speak, but, after a minute's struggle with herself, burst into tears. She had come to disclose a pitiful tale and she was grieved and ashamed to be obliged to do it. Mr. Danesbury had given her the money for the rent, quarter by quarter—three quarters now for his payments were always made to her, not to his son. She had handed it promptly to Lionel, who had always taken it, as he believed, to the landlord. It turned out now, that he had never taken it, but had gone to a neighboring town, that the landlord, through his agents, had that day put a man in possession.

"I am so ashamed to come, sir," she sobbed, "and tell you such a thing as this, after all your kindness to me. I went to try and get it from my mother, but I find she is gone out for a few days. And he has been so excited ever since the man came in, that I'm sure he must be out to night. He seems on the eve—she lowered her voice—of another of those dreadful attacks. His wrists and round his eyes are turning red, and his knees are shaking, and he is fancying h—s—s things."

"I gave the rent to you, Katherine," said Mr. Danesbury. "You should have paid it yourself."

"But, sir, he took it from me each time, and said he would go up and pay it, and I never thought but what he did. He went out to do it, and came back and said he had. I asked him one day for the receipts, and he replied that he had given them to you. How could I suspect anything wrong?"

"I suppose he spent it on his drink."

"I suppose he did," she sobbed. "He has taken such a horror of this man who is put in, that it terrifies me. When these attacks are coming on, he is not sane, and he might spring upon him and kill him. I did not know what to do, sir. I was unwilling to come here to ask for the money; but Lionel raved out to me to come. I whispered to the man to be upon his guard."

"Spare at you, I suppose, Katherine."

"Oh, sir—but it is only when he is like this, that he swears. He is kind and good when he is well."

"Katherine," resumed Mr. Danesbury, sinking his voice, "I heard that he struck you this week. Was it so?"

She shivered, and sobbed out a faltering excuse for Lionel—that he was "quite gone," and did not know what he did.

"If he would but keep from drink!" she moaned, "if he would but keep from drink! This week he has taken enough to kill him."

Mr. Danesbury listened, and a cold shiver passed over her frame, a sickness seized upon her breaking heart.

"Oh," she cried out in her anguish, "what induration is it that possesses my children?"

What could Mr. Danesbury do, but relieve Lionel's house of its encumbrance? He wrote a word to the landlord, and the man was instantly withdrawn. But that same night Lionel had to be watched by two men, in his dangerous delirium.

Mr. Danesbury retired to rest, but not to sleep. Robert had come in, and was wandering about the house, pacing up and down the stairs incessantly, his mind unconscious; it appeared more with madness than with wine. What a sound for a mother! Mrs. Danesbury had not been to her children all that she might have been, but her affection for them, at least, was powerful. She had started from some troubled dream in their infancy, and rushed to their cradles, and thanked God that they were safe. Now she started from her bed more frequently, not at the imaginary terrors of a dream, but at the bitter stings of waking reality. At length the noise ceased, Robert subsided into his room, and his mother sank to sleep. She was awake again with the first gray streak of dawn that glimmered in the east, awake to the new day and the pain it brought. Oh, the anguish of that first awakening, when a heavy weight lies upon the conscience or the heart! Trouble may oppress in the day; suspense, perplexity, care, may render the pillow sleepless in the night; but it is as nothing, compared with the hideous reality, the lively anguish that rouses the over the spirit.

The terrible reality, stern, appalling, intense, rushed over the brain of Mrs. Danesbury, and she sprang from her bed with a suppressed cry, and paced the cold room with her hands to her temples, wondering that her son's disease did not quite leave her in these dreadful moments. There was no help on earth, and she sank on her knees and prayed that her son's infatuation might yet be conquered; that it might not have laid hold of them past redemption. And yet, she had so prayed for years, and amendment had not come to them; and she prayed at one who had no hope.

Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury rose as usual, and after breakfast the former went to the factory. He came back about mid-day, too ill to go out again. In the afternoon he was cowering over the fire in the dining-room, for he felt shivering and chill, when Robert came in, his dress loose, and his gait stammering. Though three o'clock, it was his first appearance that day. His eyes were bloodshot, and his countenance bore the marks of his evil life. His slippers were down at heel, his coat dirty and torn, his pantaloons unbraided, and he had no collar on. Mr. Danesbury looked up, and then averted his eyes with a suppressed groan. Robert held his hat, which he carried on his head into his chamber the previous night; he now essayed to place it on the table, but his hand shook, and it slipped on the floor; Mrs. Danesbury, little less shaking than he, stooped and picked it up again. Yet Robert was sober then, perfectly sober; the drama he had been obliged to take, she could dress himself, not affecting him.

He was swerving his courage up to tell of his faults. Told they must be. In his excited mood of the previous night, he had demanded money; it was now his task to tell quietly why it must be supplied him. He had again got into debt, for the third or fourth time since

he came home, and had drawn liabilities upon himself which must be discharged, or he digged off to the county jail.

"You have brought me to the verge of ruin," gasped Mr. Danesbury, as he listened, "do you want to complete it? It is not eight months since I paid your debts. Then, there was nothing but a jail before you, and I saved you from it."

Robert sat by, penitent and ill: he always felt penitent and ill when he was quite sober. He had nothing to answer.

"How many times have I paid your debts since you returned from London?" pronounced Mr. Danesbury. "Not one shilling of these had you any cause to contract. You have a good home here, with everything you can require, and you have a tribe to spend. What other father would keep you in Mimas?"

You have squandered the money that I worked hard for. What will you do when I am gone?"

Robert had risen, and now stood leaning on the masterpiece. He was intent on procuring what he wanted, and he began to offer some attempt at excuse.

"I cannot pay away much more," returned Mr. Danesbury. "I will not completely cripple the business, so that Arthur shall be unable to carry it on, and be left without resources. No; I have sacrificed enough to you and Lionel, but I will not entirely sacrifice your oldest brother, who never gave me an hour's grief in his life."

"And for William also, as well as for him and Lionel," somewhat sharply put in Mrs. Danesbury.

"Rather would I let poverty and want come upon me, than ruin Arthur," proceeded the old man. "He has made unparalleled sacrifices for you, of his own kind will. He is a brother in a thousand. How much is this money, that you are liable for?"

"It's—it's about two hundred pounds," hesitated Robert, ashamed of the confession. "It is not—"

"Two hundred pounds!" interrupted Mr. Danesbury. "What have you been doing, to owe all that? I will not find it," he sternly added, "I cannot find it. You are reducing me to distress, sir, with your wicked habits. Would you wish your mother, there, to end her days in the workhouse? For myself," he continued, his voice broken with emotion, "I shall not long trouble any of you, and I care not how soon it may please the Almighty to remove me from a world, which has been productive to me of much suffering."

Mrs. Danesbury covered her face. Mr. Danesbury gradually changed his tone: his spirit was broken, his heart breaking, and he could not keep up anger long. He showed Robert how impossible it was that he could continue to supply means for this ruinous expenditure, and he enlarged upon his blamable course of life; the sin he was guilty of towards his parents, towards himself, and the far deeper sin he was guilty of, towards God. Robert listened till he fell into tears, openly lamenting his conduct, and promising to amend. His brain was whirling, his health and strength were shattered, and he cried as he had cried that night in London to Arthur, when he was in a mandrin state. His father and mother seized upon the moment to implore him to reform, and Robert solemnly promised. He meant it, poor deluded man, the sin of his daily life was pressing heavily upon his conscience; and, what with his sinking body and sinking spirits, it was impossible for any poor creature to feel more wretched. Mr. Danesbury would not advance the money which Robert demanded, he was firm in that, but he said the liabilities might be brought under his examination, and he would see if any arrangement could be effected towards paying them off by degrees, so as to release Robert from present fears. But he would only do this, on condition that Robert entered into no further debts.

With this conciliation, Robert was obliged to content himself, and very kind and fair it was; but, the truth was, he wanted to get the money into his own fingers. He left the room, too physically miserable to stay in it; and what remedy did he resort to, to cheer himself? He went back to his bed room, where he regularly kept spirits concealed now, and pouncing upon the brandy bottle, poured out a thumbful, and drank it.

Do not ask where his promises of good resolution flew to. He did not stop not at that little light draught; it was not enough for him; and at the customary evening hour, having set his dress to rights, he lay out, rather worse than usual for what he had taken.

His parents—oh, have pity for them!—remained alone, scarcely interchanging a word with each other, but silently nursing their misery, a misery that would never be lightened in the world.

It happened that Arthur had gone to spend that evening with his brother William. The clock struck ten, and Mrs. Danesbury retired, and for a few minutes Mr. Danesbury was alone. His head leaned on his hands, and he sat gazing abstractedly on the fire: he was thinking what a mercy it would have been, had God seen fit to remove his two youngest boys in their infancy. Suddenly he heard the latch key turn in the front door, and then the door open, and he saw his son come in; his dress loose, and his gait stammering. Though three o'clock, it was his first appearance that day. His eyes were bloodshot, and his countenance bore the marks of his evil life. His slippers were down at heel, his coat dirty and torn, his pantaloons unbraided, and he had no collar on. Mr. Danesbury looked up, and then averted his eyes with a suppressed groan. Robert held his hat, which he carried on his head into his chamber the previous night; he now essayed to place it on the table, but his hand shook, and it slipped on the floor; Mrs. Danesbury, little less shaking than he, stooped and picked it up again. Yet Robert was sober then, perfectly sober; the drama he had been obliged to take, she could dress himself, not affecting him.

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"And for William also, as well as for him and Lionel," somewhat sharply put in Mrs. Danesbury.

"With him, no!" wailed Mr. Danesbury; "but let him take all, let him turn them out of house and home, rather than they should be cursed in their old age by the child to whom they had given birth!"

Arthur and the man got Robert to his chamber, and undressed him, and placed him in bed. But there was no rest for the house that night, for he was out of his apartment again, on the preceding one, stalking about, like a restless spirit, from room to room, and up the stairs and down. His state was akin to madness; they could do nothing with him; even his father, forgetting the outrage, went to bed to be composed and go to rest. All in vain; and shouting, singing, laughing, and raving, he tore about till morning. Arthur and the servants watched him, to prevent mischief.

By the usual hour of the household's rising, he was partially sobered, but the symptoms of insanity hung about him. His mother went to him once more, to coax, beg, interest him to lie down, and try to get some sleep. Yes, he would, he answered; and then he laid hold of her hands, and, melting into tears, whispered to her what he did on the previous night.

"Mother, I was mad with drink, I was mad with drink! Will you and my father forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, dear," she answered, "It is all forgiven; you were not conscious of your actions. Only go to bed quietly, and get to sleep. I will take you."

She passed on to his chamber, and he dimly followed her, muttering still, "I was mad with drink," and some other words which she could not catch, about the burthen of his bitter life.

He lay down quietly and they left the room, Arthur remaining for some moments to listen at the door. But it appeared that he did not move. Presently Arthur cautiously looked in. He was lying on the bed, with his eyes wide open.

"Did you call, Robert?" asked his brother, by way of excuse. "Do you want anything?"

"No, I'm going to get some sleep."

"Ay, do. Will it do you good?"

Arthur closed the door. Mrs. Danesbury was standing just outside her own chamber, and bathed him to him.

"Arthur," she whispered, "it appears to me that he is worse than I ever saw him in; in a more strange sort of way. I think Dr. Pratt had better come and look at him."

"I am going for him now," replied Arthur. "If Robert cannot get to sleep, he will have an attack similar to Lionel's."

Mrs. Danesbury stole on tiptoe once or twice to the room door, but all was quiet within, and she hoped he was sleeping. In a short time Arthur returned with the surgeon. Mrs. Danesbury inquired if he had seen Lionel that morning; if he knew how he was.

"Yes, Lionel is better," replied Mr. Pratt. "He will get over this bout. But if he does not, he will die."

"If he does not, he will die," interrupted Anna.

"He cannot live long, as he goes on now; or, if he does live, he will become insane. Mr. Pratt says his brain is softening rapidly. When I dwell upon Lionel's state, upon Robert's dreadful death, and remember that William may come to the same, my sense seems as though they would desert me."

"How do you know what?" exclaimed Mrs. Pratt, in the privacy tone we use to an offending child: "if you say another word upon this topic, I shall be gone

Silently had she so spoken, when a servant came in, and addressed her master.

"Mr. Langton is waiting for you, sir."

Anna turned her large, yearning eyes upon John. The anxious look had come back again.

"Tell him," began William to the servant.

"No, I will go and speak to him."

"No; I need the message," William, said the language, "she broke forth, in tears.

"I will not go out, Anna. Have I not proved it?" he answered.

He went down stairs. Soon, Anna heard the front door close on Mr. Langton, and her husband came back again. She took his hand and held it, by way of thanks.

"How dull you must be, lying here all day!" he exclaimed.

"I read a good deal, and that passes the time. I wish I could see by candlelight to do so, but my eyes are not strong yet."

"Shall I read you something, Anna?"

"I was thinking how much I should like to hear something read. But perhaps you will not like to read that."

"Yes, I will. What is it?"

"A chapter in the Bible," she said, in a low tone.

William smiled. "I suppose you think that is not much in my line. It is more in Arthur's I do believe he reads the Bible night and morning."

"As you will sometime, William, I hope."

"Well, I will to night," he said. "Where shall I find a Bible?"

She pointed to her own, on the dressing-table, and he brought it forward. "Which chapter?" he asked.

She opened the book at the third chapter of Revelation. William Danesbury read it reverently. To him it was especially applicable: he felt it to be so, and knew why his wife had chosen it.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels."

"He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is now Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my new name."

These three verses were especially applicable. Would he overcome?

"William," she murmured, "we all have something to overcome, ere we can inherit all, all. Christ himself says, 'Even as I also overcame.' Because thou has kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth."

William, those promises were not made for nothing."

William Danesbury was closing the book again, when the same servant appeared and called him out. He went down stairs. Anna wondered, for she had not heard any one come to the house; but her attention had been occupied with other things. Immediately she caught the sound, as of more than one going out, and the front door closed, and her husband did not return. She rang her bell, and her maid came up.

"Is Mr. Danesbury gone out?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Gone out!" she could not help repeating.

"With Mr. Lionel," added the servant. "Master said I was to tell you, if you inquired, that he should not be long."

Her heart sickened within her. What in the very face of his promise to the contrary: in the very echo of that warning chapter! Could he not "overcome" for that one night? She buried her aching head on the sofa-pillow, and moaned aloud in her fulness of despair.

When Mrs. Philip Danesbury entered, which she did soon afterwards, she found her flushed, harassed, and excited. "Not to stop in for this one night!" she reiterated. "After promising me! It is of no use hoping, aunt: he is a lost man."

Two hours passed away, and William did not come in. Mrs. Philip was unwilling to leave her, she was so restless. Too ill to stir up, she yet would not go to bed. The nurse came in and exerted her eloquence, and went away again in a temper, when she found it of no effect. Suddenly, they heard the church bell toll out.

"There's the passing bell!" exclaimed Anna. "I wonder who is gone. Somebody is released from a world of care and suffering." And she sighed so painfully, that it almost seemed to intimate a regret that she was not released.

"It's somebody of consequence, whoever it is," cried the nurse, having returned to make her comments, or "they would not trouble themselves to ring out so late as this."

Another half hour, and then William Danesbury entered. They heard him come in and go into the parlor.

"There!" exclaimed Anna to her aunt, "you hear! He does not come up stairs: that will tell you how he is."

"I will go down and see," said Mrs. Philip.

William was leaning over the fire when she entered, his elbow resting on the mantel-piece. His face looked pale and sad: not, Mrs. Philip thought, as does that of a man in drink.

"Aunt, how do you do? I heard you were back. I am glad you came in: Anna is lonely alone."

Neither was his tone, neither was the expression of his eyes like that of a man in drink. Mrs. Philip looked keenly, and felt convinced that he was sober.

"Anna has been worrying myself at your staying out," she said to him. "She is in a mind a state, thinking you have now come in from the—public-houses."

"No," he sighed, "I have come from a very different scene. Of course you have not heard the tidings?"

"What tidings? We have heard nothing."

"Mr. Danesbury is dead."

Mr. Philip was shocked and startled. "Mr. Danesbury dead?" she uttered, after a dread pause.

Lionel came home, and said his mother was dying, and begged me to go to her without a through the town. Ruthven had much

moment's delay, for the bell dined for me," announced William. "I thought I should soon be home again, and I did not like to tell Anna the cause of my going out; but it should alarm her."

"Then, the passing bell was for Mr. Danesbury! What can have caused her sudden death?"

"She has died from this influence that is going about," was William's answer. "She has been evidently shaking, ever since Robert's death, and, when this disease attacked her, she had no stamina wherewith to struggle against it. A physician was telegraphed for from town this morning at five o'clock, and was here by ten, but he could do her no good. Poor thing! she was sensible, and took leave of us all. And," he added, lowering his voice, "she asked me to pardon her for having forced me to drink wine and beer in my childhood."

"William! Did she? She is another, gone to her grave, wishing that her life could be lived over again; that she might reject the evil, and choose the good."

"She held my hand and Arthur's, and begged me to forgive past unkindnesses. But the parting with Lionel—it was grievous to see."

"Robert and Lionel have said her to her grave, between them," impressively resumed Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"As you will sometime, William, I hope."

"Well, I will to night," he said. "Where shall I find a Bible?"

She pointed to her own, on the dressing-table, and he brought it forward. "Which chapter?" he asked.

"Lionel is saying so. I took him home and left him there, in a state of excitement that you can scarcely imagine. Crying one minute, talking the next; and, should he fly to drink in the midst of it, he will inevitably bring on another of those dangerous attacks."

"William," spoke up Mrs. Philip, in a solemn tone, "all this ought to tell upon you, as a warning. Will you not accept it?"

"Yes, I will."

"How does your father bear his loss?"

"Grimly. He has experienced too much sorrow for anything to affect him greatly, now. My poor father will not be long after her," he added, with a sigh.

"Drink! drink! the evils of indulging in strong drink!" aspirated Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

William passed by the remark without observation.

"May we tell Anna?" he asked. "Or will it excite her injuriously?"

"Tell her—oh, yes. Her fears and excitement all tend to one point, William."

He knew what that was.

Reader! how the close approach of death changes us! Mrs. Philip Danesbury did not suspect how literally near the truth she was, when she said that Mrs. Danesbury had gone to her grave wishing that her life could be lived over again, that she might reject the evil and choose the good. It was a strangely impressive scene that William had come from, one which might suffice for a whole life's lesson:—Mrs. Danesbury lay on her bed, a dying woman; Lionel close to her, the others dispersed round her, her husband, Arthur and William, and Mr. Pratt; the physician had returned to town again from his fruitless mission.—Mrs. Danesbury had reported; her days had been ones of bitter repentance ever since the death of Robert; but remorse she never could put away from her; she could not recall the evil done. If she had made her peace with God, as far as she herself went, she could not make it for the lost Robert; she could not make it for Lionel. She took William's hands in hers,—"Forgive me, as I have asked God to forgive me, for having forced you to drink wine and beer in your childhood," she gasped. "William, you were warned while there is yet time; and put them from you. Do not let me have another lost soul upon my hands! It seems, I would give my own soul if God would but grant me my existence over again, that I might bring up my children to strive for life everlasting. I brought them up for this world, not for the next; and I ruined them for both. Oh, Lionel! if I could but take your sins upon me, and bear them now before my Maker."

She spoke truth. She had ruined her sons, and they, in their turn, had rent her to her grave.

There was a deplorable scene enacted when she was being placed in it. Lionel was in a wretchedly nervous condition, and was obliged to take brandy etc he could venture to the funeral. As the mourners stood around the grave, Mr. Danesbury at their head, and the coffin was being lowered into it, Lionel seized one of the cords, and broke into a burst of sobbing and wailing. The coffin fell into the vault, and, but for Arthur's firm grasp, who stood next him, he would have flung himself upon it. Lionel had to be surrounded and taken away, ere the service could be conducted; and that night, for the first time in his life, he was secured in a straight waistcoat.

All this acted as a warning to William Danesbury, and he strove to master his baneful passion. For some time, he kept sober. He stayed in doors in the evening, refused to join any loose friends, meaning those who were lovers of excess, and took only ale with his meals. He seemed quite resolved to put temptation from him. But, one Sunday—Anna had been down stairs some time then—the wine was on the table after dinner, and he finished nearly a bottle of port. He rose from his seat, and was about to decent another, when his wife gilded up to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"William, do not."

He looked at her; looked at the wine; and then, with an irreolute, unwilling gesture, he put the bottle back again upon the sideboard. There it remained; but over and anon, his eyes turned restlessly to it, as if they were fascinated.

Later in the evening, when Anna retired for the night, the struggle came to an end. He drew the cork, drank the whole of the wine, and then drew the cork of a bottle of brandy. At one o'clock in the morning he stumbled up to bed as—*I hope you and I shall never stumble up.*

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### ANOTHER DEATHBED.

One evening in November, about two months after Mrs. Danesbury's death, William was on his way to Danesbury House. His road lay through the town.

Ruthven had much

himself to physical depression almost unbearable; but these pains were, as nothing, compared with his mind's anguish; for he had not been brought up a heathen, and the dread consciousness of a world to come, shone out in strong, fiery, sombre colors. Marvel not that the illusion of devils, and other frightful phantoms, attacked Lionel Danesbury.

With a spring, Lionel clambered William's group, and rushed to the head of the stairs. The old lady, who had stood on them, afraid to venture further, set up a shrill scream, and dropped down them as if she had been shot. This arrested Lionel. But for that circumstance, he would probably have been in the street, just as he was, before they could catch him. William drew him back towards the bed.

"I can't," he pitifully said. "She's got inside, and some more with her. See how thick their tails are. There's one hanging out now. They are the impes, and the devils will be here presently."

"Come along," said William, "cheerily; I'll drive them all away for you."

Katherine turned the bed-clothes down to the very bottom of the bed, and patted it with her hands.

"You see," she said to her husband, "it is all our fancy."

He touched the bed himself, and looked wildly about the room again. And just then the surgeon came in.

"What is the matter here?" asked Mr. Pratt. "I have just met old grandmother Duckworth, flying down the street, as if she were flying for her life, afraid of stopping here, she said. Ill again?"

"More cats, sir, and other things," interposed Lionel's wife. "He is afraid now they are in the bed."

"Keep them away from me, Pratt; will you?" gasped Lionel.

"To be sure. Get into bed, and I'll see about it. Halloa! boots in bed! That will never do. Let me have those; we will send them after the cats."

"Quiet as a lamb," added Mr. Pratt's experienced eye, Lionel suffered his boots to be taken from him, and lay down in bed. The doctor administered some medicine he had brought with him, then tucked him up, and told him to be quiet and to sleep. As they were leaving the room, William looked back. There sat Lionel upright in bed, ready to spring out.

"I can't stop here," he shivered, "they are coming again. Don't leave me."

"No," answered Katherine, "I am going to stay with you. Lie down, and I will sit here upon the bed. The cats will not come where I am."

Mr. Pratt and William Danesbury went down stairs, the former carrying the boots.

"I have told his wife never to let him have his boots in these attacks," he observed. "She knows they must be kept from him."

Lionel found them, I believe, while she was gone for you."

"Not one, in ten, of these poor madmen will start out without their boots," remarked Mr. Pratt; "but, let them put on their boots, and they'll watch an opportunity to be off, even if they be stark naked. Poor woman! she has a dreadful life with him. And this is going to be a bad attack."

"Do you fear so?" asked William.

"Ay. He has been drinking awfully lately. It will be worse than any he has had. His wife must have some men in the house, for, before morning he will be outrageous. Mr. William, I will not answer for it that he'll get over this. I did not think he would the last time, when his mother died, you know. I'll look in at George Great's," added Mr. Pratt, "and send up the men that were here before, if they are to be had."

"I will stay until some one comes," said William.

"Do so. It is not right that his wife should be left with him, alone."

Quiet as he was while Mr. Pratt was in the house, but, the moment he heard the door close on him, he was troublesome again. Who are more cunning than they? Katherine called out, and William ran up.

"I want my boots, William."

"Presently. What for?"

"Oh, they are round me, and I can't stop here. I must go out."

"Where to?"

"I—I want to see my father. Get my boots."

"Not to-night."

"Yes, I must. Get my boots."

"Very well. Presently," and down sat William.

Later, when the requisite help arrived, three men, William took his departure. These repeated attacks were a heavy expense, which, of course, fell upon Mr. Danesbury. When William entered Danesbury House, Arthur was sitting alone.

"Where is my father?" he asked.

"He is gone to bed, ill," was Arthur's reply. "I do not think he will be here many weeks, William. If he is no better in the morning, I shall call Pratt in. He would not have him to-night."

"I have just been with Pratt at Lionel's," returned William. "He has got another attack. The old gentleman has sent three men in, so he anticipates mischief."

"Look there!" he shivered to William. "What?"

"See how black she is! That cat has been there twice before. Drive her away. Oh, William! drive her away."

His voice had risen to a piteous scream. William went to the spot that appeared to excite his terror.

"There is nothing here, Lionel; see!—kicking his feet against the wainscoting—"nothing at all. I will remove the chair. There; you see there's nothing."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JULY 21, 1860.

NEWS ITEM.

**THE TALLEST MAN IN FRANCE.**—The tallest man in France has just expired, near Rouen, at the age of 71, being M. Charles Granel d'Indreville, of Nevers, Normandy, who founded, and for many years carried on, some extensive glass-works at that place. His stature was nearly 7 feet 6 inches English, and his body was stout in proportion.

**W. C. NELSON,** of Monroe county, Tex., has recovered \$11,000 from the East Texas and Pacific Railroad, for detaining his wheat in the depot until some of it spoiled, and until the price receded, causing him to lose heavily.

**Mr. FITZ GREENE HALLOCK** in the street yesterday. He had come down from his beautiful rural retreat to look at the Great Eastern. Mr. Hallock is over sixty years old. He is a Southerner in feeling—opposes slavery. Hallock is a monarchist; for this reason, he believes in the Kingdom of Heaven. He says that is a "monarchy," and what is right to be done in Heaven should be done on earth.—*V. Y. Cor. Models Register.*

**The U. S. Agricultural Fair,** this year, will be held at Cincinnati, commencing September 12th, and ending on the 20th. The premium list amounts to \$20,000. No cattle will be received on account of the pleuro-pneumonia, but large premiums are offered for horses, machinery and steam fire engines.

**A CHILD OF PATRIOT O'CONNELL,** residing in Memphis, Tennessee, was choked to death by slipping between the mattress and foot of the bed, where it was caught by the head.

**In a manufacturing establishment in Greenfield, an iron ball was found embedded in the solid ivory of an elephant's tusk, about three and a half feet from the root, and two and a half from the tip end, and it is supposed must have been in the tusk at least one hundred years.**

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**Mr. GEORGE HOOPER,** of Brookville town-ship, Somerest county, Pa., lately visited a rat-tanakee den, on the mountain, about two miles from his house. He descended thirty-four of them, the shortest four feet in length, the longest five feet and a half. One of the largest had twenty-two rattles and a button upon its tail. Mr. Hooper, of whom the Pittsburg Chronicle vouches for as being a gentleman of strict veracity, says he could have killed a barrel of them but for the poisonous exhalations from the den.

**PENNSYLVANIA STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.**—The next annual meeting of this association is to be held at Greensburg, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August, in pursuance of an invitation extended at the last meeting at Washington. As from one thousand to fifteen hundred teachers are expected to be in attendance, the Westernlanders are making arrangements to accommodate, among the families in the town, all the female and such male teachers as cannot find quarters at the hotels.

**RATHER TUCUM.**—An exchange, referring to the recent tornado in Iowa, says:—A little girl, three years old, was found in a hollow, in the northwestern part of Scott county, Iowa, near the river Wapsipacon, and probably a couple of miles from the trace of the tornado. She was seen to fall, and was found with her head buried in the mud. When taken out, she was found to be alive, and is now apparently well, excepting that she is not altogether sensible. She cannot tell anything about herself, and is utterly unknown.

**ALBERT W. HICKS,** the pirate and murderer, was publicly hung in New York on the 13th, in the presence of some 7,000 spectators. At parting, his wife said "Good bye, Willie," to his hardened wretch as probably never breathed.

**THE INDIANS IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY.**—A letter in the Humboldt Times, written by Major Raines, of the United States army, shows that the Indians have been more sinned against than sinning. Having been driven from their fishing and hunting-grounds by the whites, they steal cattle to satisfy their hunger.

**PAUL MORPHY,** after passing a few weeks in New York, will take his final departure for Paris, which he intends to make his permanent home.

**THE QUAKER CITY,** at New York from Havana, brings a large number of Cubans, who, with their families, come to spend the hot months at our watering-places. Admiral Esparado, of the Spanish navy, with his family; the Marchioness of Nillala, the Countess O'Reilly, Madame Nicolas, and D. Pedro E. Crasto, are among the additions to our fashionable society.

**THE GREAT ECLIPSE.**—The astronomers are all preparing for the great eclipse of the sun, which occurs on Wednesday of this week, a few minutes after seven o'clock in the morning, and ends at nine. The eclipse will be total soon after sunrise in several villages in Oregon and Washington Territory, but not elsewhere in the United States. The velocity of the moon's shadow across the earth during this eclipse will be about 1,850 miles per hour.

**THE HARVEST.**—All accounts, from all parts of the country, but more especially from the west, unite in the conclusion that the quantity and quality of the coming harvest will be greater and better than at any other period. We shall be able plenteously to feed our own people, and also to supply Europe with as much grain as she will require.

**DR. J. H. STONE.**—Tom Sayers has had a magnificent Master cross, in solid gold, presented to him by the officers of his Majesty's ship Marlborough. It is a correct copy of the Victoria cross. Money, too, keeps continually arriving from all parts of the country to swell the anxiety fund. "Our hero," says an English paper, "pays nighting visits to all his old friends, and wherever and in whatever society he appears he is always feted. Such ovations, surely no former champion ever received."

**AN AMERICAN HAY-CUTTER** took the first prize and a gold medal at the exhibition of farming machines in Paris a few weeks ago.

**DO NOT FORGET THE NAME.**—A new kind of pink, called the "Dianthus Hoddwigii," has been imported from China, with flowers three inches in diameter, color a rich crimson, spotted and edged with white, a very delicate appearance, and very prolific of flowers.

**GRANDE VICTORIA'S INCONSISTENCY** is being criticized in issuing a stringent proclamation for the suppression of all kinds of vice within her realms, including betting and gambling, and herself attending the Derby races, than which there is said to be no more vicious and immoral exhibition in any land.

**THE GOVERNMENT** is about taking the preliminary steps towards commencing the erection of the Pacific telegraph. Mr. Cobb, as Secretary of the Treasury, invites proposals, to be received until the 15th of September, for the use of the government, for the construction of a line of telegraph from the western boundary of Missouri as far as San Francisco. The lowest bid, accompanied by a guarantee for the payment of the contract, will be accepted.

**THE HIGHEST COURT** in North Carolina has finally sustained the will of Elijah Willis, a North Carolina planter who fell dead on the laws of Cincinnati in 1855, just as he arrived there with a negro woman and her six children, acknowledged to be his own—will leaving them \$60,000. The woman is now residing at New Richmond, Ohio.

**The Court of Common Pleas,** of Lancaster, Pa., recently decided that widows and single women engaged in stockbreeding, whose annual sale do not exceed \$500, are exempt from the general tax.

**CASES OF OME.**—The Cleveland Democrat says:—"From the returns already in, it is feared that the population of Ohio, instead of advancing, has slightly decreased within the last ten years, by emigration or otherwise."

"I wish I was in Dixie" is now the popular yell and phrase in New Orleans. The word "Dixie" is an old long time name for the negro land of heaven—that is, a place where there is no work, plenty of possum, pig meat, sweet potatoes, hog, hominy, and molasses, all ready for the eating.—*Crescent.*

**ANOTHER "PATENT MOWERS."**—Accom.—Last Monday, a farmer, named Prend, was thrown from the driving seat of a mowing machine, near Haddenfield, N. J., when one of his horses, being caught in the master wheel, was fairly wrenched from his foot. His situation is said to be precarious.

**TURKS EMBRACING CHRISTIANITY.**—A letter from Dr. Schaufner, in the Missionary Herald, gives an account of a remarkable movement in Constantinople, by which some 10,000 Turks have, within a short time, embraced doctrines closely allied to Christianity; some 10,000 more are supposed to sympathize with these views.

**A VALUABLE STUD OF HOMANS.**—The stud of the late Lord Londesborough was recently sold by the famed Tattersall, and the forty animals realized the extraordinary sum of \$10,000. In the lot were three stallions, one of which brought \$20,000, another \$16,000, and the third upward of \$3,000. Aside from these chiefs of the stud, the lot averaged over \$1,500 each.

**DIED FROM GLYCERINE.**—A man residing in Leipsicville, Delaware county, died a few days ago, from the effects of eating two hundred oysters at one time. It is also reported that he died of the wonder that he died!—*Medico Americanus.*

Hereafter we trust that oysters and cherries will be more plentiful and cheaper.

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**PENNSYLVANIA STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.**—The next annual meeting of this association is to be held at Greensburg, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August, in pursuance of an invitation extended at the last meeting at Washington. As from one thousand to fifteen hundred teachers are expected to be in attendance, the Westernlanders are making arrangements to accommodate, among the families in the town, all the female and such male teachers as cannot find quarters at the hotels.

**RATHER TUCUM.**—An exchange, referring to the recent tornado in Iowa, says:—A little girl, three years old, was found in a hollow, in the northwestern part of Scott county, Iowa, near the river Wapsipacon, and probably a couple of miles from the trace of the tornado. She was seen to fall, and was found with her head buried in the mud. When taken out, she was found to be alive, and is now apparently well, excepting that she is not altogether sensible. She cannot tell anything about herself, and is utterly unknown.

**ALBERT W. HICKS,** the pirate and murderer, was publicly hung in New York on the 13th, in the presence of some 7,000 spectators. At parting, his wife said "Good bye, Willie," to his hardened wretch as probably never breathed.

**THE INDIANS IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY.**—A letter in the Humboldt Times, written by Major Raines, of the United States army, shows that the Indians have been more sinned against than sinning. Having been driven from their fishing and hunting-grounds by the whites, they steal cattle to satisfy their hunger.

**PAUL MORPHY,** after passing a few weeks in New York, will take his final departure for Paris, which he intends to make his permanent home.

**THE QUAKER CITY,** at New York from Havana, brings a large number of Cubans, who, with their families, come to spend the hot months at our watering-places. Admiral Esparado, of the Spanish navy, with his family; the Marchioness of Nillala, the Countess O'Reilly, Madame Nicolas, and D. Pedro E. Crasto, are among the additions to our fashionable society.

**THE GREAT ECLIPSE.**—The astronomers are all preparing for the great eclipse of the sun, which occurs on Wednesday of this week, a few minutes after seven o'clock in the morning, and ends at nine. The eclipse will be total soon after sunrise in several villages in Oregon and Washington Territory, but not elsewhere in the United States. The velocity of the moon's shadow across the earth during this eclipse will be about 1,850 miles per hour.

**THE HARVEST.**—All accounts, from all parts of the country, but more especially from the west, unite in the conclusion that the quantity and quality of the coming harvest will be greater and better than at any other period. We shall be able plenteously to feed our own people, and also to supply Europe with as much grain as she will require.

**DR. J. H. STONE.**—Tom Sayers has had a magnificent Master cross, in solid gold, presented to him by the officers of his Majesty's ship Marlborough. It is a correct copy of the Victoria cross.

**GRANDE VICTORIA'S INCONSISTENCY** is being criticized in issuing a stringent proclamation for the suppression of all kinds of vice within her realms, including betting and gambling, and herself attending the Derby races, than which there is said to be no more vicious and immoral exhibition in any land.

**THE GOVERNMENT** is about taking the preliminary steps towards commencing the erection of the Pacific telegraph. Mr. Cobb, as Secretary of the Treasury, invites proposals, to be received until the 15th of September, for the use of the government, for the construction of a line of telegraph from the western boundary of Missouri as far as San Francisco. The lowest bid, accompanied by a guarantee for the payment of the contract, will be accepted.

**THE HIGHEST COURT** in North Carolina has finally sustained the will of Elijah Willis, a North Carolina planter who fell dead on the laws of Cincinnati in 1855, just as he arrived there with a negro woman and her six children, acknowledged to be his own—will leaving them \$60,000. The woman is now residing at New Richmond, Ohio.

**TERRELL CALLANTRY IN MINNESOTA.**—It is with the utmost regret that we lay before our readers an account of one of the most terrible and heartrending calamities that has ever happened in Minnesota.

It appears, from the information we have received, that on the 8th inst., at 3 P. M., the Rev. Mr. Nicola, pastor of the Congregational Church at Minneapolis, his wife and child (a boy of thirteen years), accompanied by Mr. Cleveland, his brother-in-law, and his two daughters, aged respectively eleven and thirteen years, went to Lake Calhoun for the purpose of bathing.

The two girls of Mr. Cleveland went into the lake first; and unfortunately ventured out of their depth. Mr. Nicola's boy went to their assistance, but the girl clinging to him drew him out of depth, and as they all appeared to be perishing, Mr. Cleveland went to their assistance. He, too, was soon drawn into deep water, and as he was unable to swim, it appeared that he would soon drown with the children. Mr. Nicola then went to the rescue. He ventured in as far as he could, maintaining his footing, which, however, he soon lost—calling to his wife to take hold of his hand. She resolutely obeyed the summons, clasped his hand in hers, and terrible to relate, the whole party were drawn into deep water and perished together.

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## Wit and Humor.

**LORD MARSHFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.**

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Marquess, which his lordship himself told from his house:—

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of profligacy not uncommon in his class of persons. The driver begged his lordship to give him a character.

“What kind of a character can I give you?” says his lordship.

“Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me, I shall most thankfully receive.”

His lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows:—

“The bearer, John ——, has served me these years in the capacity of a coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man: I discharged him because he cheated me.”

(Signed) “MARSHFIELD.”

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was going through his lobby, to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise, he recognized his late coachman.

“Why, John,” says his lordship, “you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?”

“Oh, my lord,” said John, “it was an exceeding good character, and I came to return you thanks for it; my new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. ‘These,’ says he, ‘are just the qualities I want in a coachman; I observe,’ his lordship adds, ‘he discharged you because you cheated him. Mark you, sirrah,’ says he, ‘I’m a Yorkshireman, and I’ll defy you to cheat me.’”

**HOUSERLASSY**—A fellow came in from the country, one morning, bringing a guinea to Nasar Eddyn Eiffendi, who received it very graciously, and invited the donor to dine with him.

A week afterward, the same man again came to see him; but Nasar Eddyn Eiffendi, having forgotten in him asked him who he was.

“I am he who brought you the guinea,” replied the man; upon which Nasar Eddyn Eiffendi welcomed him as before.

Some days after this, certain strangers having come to claim his hospitality, he asked them who they were.

“We are the neighbors of him who brought you the guinea,” answered they; and he received them as his guests.

Shortly after, yet others presented themselves, who, on being asked who they were, replied:

“We are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who brought you the guinea.”

And Nasar Eddyn Eiffendi, bidding them welcome, placed before them a cup of cold water only, saying,

“Drink: it is the broth of the broth of the guinea.”

**SHERRIFFS OR WAS MORROW.**—In a dissenting chapel, near Berwick-on-Tweed, a few Sundays ago, two farmers met. One of them, on his way to the chapel, had noticed a fine calf in his neighbor’s field, which circumstance gave rise to the following conversation. Addressing his friend in a tone which was intended for a whisper, but which was loud enough to be heard for several yards round, he said,

“Tommy, supposing it was Monday, what would you take for your calf?”

“Why,” replied the other, “supposing it was Monday, we would take two pund fifteen.”

“Supposing it was Monday, we’ll give two pund ten.”

“Supposing it was Monday, then, ye shall have it.”

The bargain was thus concluded, and the calf, we are informed, was duly delivered on the following day.

**ONE OF THE EPIPHANIES.**—On one occasion, a country gentleman, knowing Joseph Green’s reputation as a poet, prepared an introduction to him, and solicited a “first rate epithet” for a favorite servant who had lately died. Green asked what were the man’s chief qualities, and was told that “Cole excelled in all things, but was particularly good at raking hay, which he could do, faster than anybody, the present company, of course, excepted.” Green wrote immediately:—

“Here lies the body of John Cole,  
His master loved him like his soul;  
He could rake hay—none could rake faster,  
Except that raking dog, his master.”

**“See Him Back.”**—There is a story told of an old gentleman who made it a rule that his children should dine at a side-table until they were sixteen years old, at which age they were permitted to eat with the older members of the family. On one occasion, a visitor, who was aware of the custom, observed one of the boys, who he thought was of the requisite age, eating at the side-table, and asked him if he was not sixteen years old. “Yes,” said the boy, “I was sixteen some time ago, and father let me come to his table; but there was a dish for dinner that I was very fond of, and instead of being helped, I endeavored to help myself, and ran out too far, met with an accident, and so he set me back two years.”

**GRANDATE INVITATION.**—Dean Ramsay, in his “Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character,” tells us of an old lady who liked a party at quadrille, and sent out her servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game, and her directions were graduated thus:—“Nelly, you’ll bring to Lady Gengory’s, and make my compliments, and ask the favor of her ladyship’s company, and that of the Miss Carghans, to see this evening; and if they come come, bring to the Miss Hindles, and ask the pleasure of their company; and if they come come, you may bring to Miss Hume, and ask the favor of her company; and if they come come, bring to Lady Spark, and bid her come.”

**MISS PARTRIDGE OR COUNSELOR.**—“That’s a new article for beautifying the complexion,” said Mr. Bibb, holding up a small bottle for Miss Partrige to look at. She looked up from taking out a wooden comb for her, and took the bottle in her hand. “Is it, indeed?” said she: “well, they may get up over so many remedies for beautifying the complexion, but depend upon it, the less people have to do with bottle for it the better. My neighbor, Mrs. St. John, has been using a bottle a good many years, for her complexion, and her nose looks like a rupture of Mount Vesuvius, with the bursting lather running all over the contagious territory.” Mr. Bibb informed her, with a smile, that this was a cosmetic for the outside, and not to be taken internally, whereasupon she subsided into the toe of his stocking, but mourned something about the danger of its “leaking in” nevertheless. Ida, meanwhile, was rigging a martingale for Lion’s tail, securing that wagtail member to his collar, and making him appear as if sending before the wind.

**NEW VERSION OF A SCRIPTURE TEXT.**—Among the many advocates for total immersion, was a preacher who believed that he ought not to select a subject beforehand, and on one occasion when he arose to speak, as he opened the Bible his eyes fell on these words:—“The voice of the turtle is heard in the land.” At first he thought he was stumped. At length he said:

“Brethren, at first sight one would think there was not much in this text, but on a little consideration you will see there is a good deal in it. Now you all know what a turtle is. If you have been along by a pond, you have seen them on the log sunning themselves. Now, it is said, ‘The voice of the turtle is heard in the land.’ But the turtle has not any voice that ever anybody heard, so it must be the noise that the turtle makes in ploughing off the log into the water, hence we conclude that immersion is meant, and thus that immersion will be universal.”

**A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.**—A minister of Craft had been long annoyed by the drawsy propensity in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners, one “David Cowan, in Troubles,” and, remonstrating on the subject, had his patience conciliated by two cartloads of coal which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door. Nevertheless, a few Sundays afterwards, Mr. Cowan, soon after the commencement of the sermon, fell into a sound sleep as formerly; and not only so, but made so much noise as to disturb the sitters near him and the minister. Mr. Glass bore with it for a while, but at last, being able to stand it no longer, desired the people in the north loft (Anglois, gallery,) to “waken David Cowan.” David, awakening suddenly, and forgetting where he was, asked the minister, “If he didn’t drive two cartloads of coal to the manse, last week, to let him sleep?” “True,” replied the minister, “but I did not agree to let you snore.”

**THE ORIGIN OF “HAIL COLUMBIA.”**

In the “Recollections of Washington,” just published, occurs the following anecdote:

The song of Hall Columbia, adopted in measure to the President’s March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, 1776. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Mr. Hopkinson one morning, and said, “Tomorrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses on the tune of the President’s March, I feel sure of a full house. Several people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done. Yet I think you may succeed.” Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sung them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience was delighted—eight times it was called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night “Hall Columbia” was applauded in the theatre; and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in our streets. Such was the origin of our national song “Hall Columbia.”

**TWO YOUNG WIVES.**—It takes a heroine to be economical, says Miss Muloch. “For, will not another rather run in debt for honest than wear her old one a year behind the mode? give a ball, and stint the family dinner for a month after? take a large house, and furnish handsome reception rooms, while her household huddle together anyhow in an untidy attic bed-chamber, and her servants scuttle on shake-downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times to staring plainly, by word or manner: ‘My income is so much a year—I don’t care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate, it will not keep comfortably both my family and acquaintance; therefore excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintances. And, Society, if you choose to look in upon us, you must just take us as we are, without any pretense of any kind; or, you may shut the door, and good-bye!”

**“See Him Back.”**—There is a story told of an old gentleman who made it a rule that his children should dine at a side-table until they were sixteen years old, at which age they were permitted to eat with the older members of the family. On one occasion, a visitor, who was aware of the custom, observed one of the boys, who he thought was of the requisite age, eating at the side-table, and asked him if he was not sixteen years old. “Yes,” said the boy, “I was sixteen some time ago, and father let me come to his table; but there was a dish for dinner that I was very fond of, and instead of being helped, I endeavored to help myself, and ran out too far, met with an accident, and so he set me back two years.”

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COMPLIMENTARY TO PAPA.

**SISTER AMY.**—“My dear Rose! What are you doing? Mama will be very angry!”

**ROSE.**—“Why, Walter wants to be like papa. So I’m just thinning his hair at the top!”

## NOBODY.

If nobody’s noticed you, you must be small;  
If nobody’s slighted you, you must be tall;  
If nobody’s bowed to you, you must be low;  
If nobody’s kissed you, you’re ugly, we know;  
If nobody’s envied you, you’re a poor elf;  
If nobody’s flattered you, flatter yourself;  
If nobody’s cheated you, you are a knave;  
If nobody’s hated you, you are a slave;  
If nobody’s called you a “fool” to your face,  
Somebody’s wished for your back, in its place;  
If nobody’s called a “tyrant” or “scold,”  
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould;  
If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,  
Nobody’ll miss them at the world’s end;  
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,  
Nobody’ll run like a hound when it’s gone;  
If nobody’s eaten his bread from your store,  
Nobody’ll call you “a miserly bore;”  
If nobody’s slandered you—here’s our pen—  
Sign yourself Nobody as quick as you can.

## WATCHES.

In buying a watch, choose a lever, if you can afford it, and let it be as good as you really can afford. Buy it of a man who has a character to lose, and to whom you can look for redress in case of failure. Be suspicious of cheapness, and do not put too much faith in guarantees for a year or two years; because a slimly made watch may go for a year or two tolerably well, and yet, before you have worn it five, may have cost you twice its value in repairs, and prove a torment and delusion instead of an honest friend and guide. In making your selection, do not be led by ornament—by fancy backs or dials, or “jewelling in iron holes.” Two holes may be none the better for a guinea, and the watch be none the better for it. With a respectable maker, the absence of needless ornament is often a concomitant of superior work.

Having bought your watch, remember that it is worth taking care of. Wind it, as nearly as possible, at the same time every day, preferring the morning to the evening. Avoid sudden jerks in winding, and do not turn the watch while you are turning the key, but hold it firm and steady. Keep the key in good condition, free from dust and cracks; it is not a bad plan to plug the orifice; a particle of dust or rust in the key may get into the watch, and put you to the expense of an extra cleaning. Keep the key in your bedroom, not in your pocket.

When a watch varies from atmospheric influences, or from some change in the mode of wearing it, the hands may be occasionally set right, but the regulator should not be touched; if the watch gains or loses continually, then the regulator should be altered; but it should be delicately handled, and moved but a little at a time. In setting the hands, it is best to set them forwards. In watches set or regulated at the back, the glass should not be opened at all. The watch pocket should at all times be kept free from dust and accumulations of every kind.

Two years is quite long enough to keep a watch without cleaning: If you cannot sign it for that purpose to the hands of the maker, instruct it only to some respectable and responsible person. The very best watches are often ruined by the hands of blundering and incapable workmen, while even a bad watch may be made, by the treatment of a clever artist, to perform tolerably well.

Lastly, take a lesson from your watch. That little machine, if you have taken the above advice regarding it, will be found constantly doing its duty. Do you the same; work on with your life’s work as that does, “unhaunting and unrusting.” Let it teach you regularity and punctuality; so shall you not be ashamed to look it in the face, and be enabled, when your hours are all numbered, to give a good account of the time intrusted to your keeping.

**WOMEN.**—Women has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

**STATE WISDOM.**—There are no old maidens in Japan. When the girls don’t get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

**“Can it be said with truth that we are all children of our fathers, when Moses plainly tells us that Joshua was the son of Nun?”**

child of all the vital organs, as if knowing full well that the members must keep on feeding, and digesting too, or their own supply would speedily fail, as occurs, while deviling a stone, to keep up its crust with the word as long as they can. Water grows the caterpillar as the growing worm within grows stronger and nearer me crust; sometimes he has strength left to take the caterpillar shape, but out of that he never comes a butterfly—the caterpillar grows new flesh within and all, turns to paper in his empty skin, and comes out soon back like the parent.—*Coleman’s British Butterflies.*

**SHAMROCK HAWK.**—A friend of ours hearing in the country found his hens one morning busily engaged making numerous small woven bags of singular shape. Upon inquiry he was informed that they were shown for him, to prevent them from scratching. The lady stated that it had been her practice for years to show her hens, and save her garden. These “sacks” (I believe they are not patented) were of woven, made somewhat of the shape of a fowl’s foot with each, after which it is closed with a needle and sewed tightly on, extending about an inch up the leg. Our friend observed that some of the hens, possibly connected with their new homes, appeared to tread as though walking on eggs—particularly was this the case when from the white of the egg one would conceive that their toes might be a little pinched.

This is not a bad idea. We have seen hens shod before, and with good results; it is not necessary, however, to make a regular shoe for them, even a piece of cloth embracing their foot and secured to the leg, the bag being large enough to allow their toes to expand in it, will answer the purpose very well. By such an appliance, hen-yards and tight fences are unnecessary; the hens are allowed their liberty all summer, and will lay better for it, and even the garden and field will be kept clean from many worms, bugs, flies and other vermin that injure vegetation. But for their scratching, hens do little harm and much good on cultivated grounds.—*Rural Intelligencer.*

**Useful Receipts.**

**RASPBERRY VINEGAR.**—Put a pound of very fine ripe raspberries in a bowl, bruise them well, and pour over them a quart of the best white wine vinegar; next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh raspberries, bruise them also, and the following day do the same, but do not squeeze the fruit, or it will make it ferment; only strain the liquor as dry as you can from it. The last time press it through a canvas bag previously wet with the vinegar, to prevent waste. Put the juice into a stone jar, with a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; the sugar must be broken into lumps; stir it, and when melted, put the jar into a pan of water; let it simmer, and skim it; when cold, bottle it; it will be fine and thick when cold, like strained honey, nicely prepared.

**WORM TINCTURE.**—Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bed bugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather to the places where they most do congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, &c., rubbed lightly over with coal oil will not be disturbed by flies.

**TO GET RID OF MOSQUITOES IN THE NIGHT.**—Mosquitoes, says somebody, love beef blood better than they do any that flows in the veins of human kind. Just put a couple of generous pieces on plates, near your bed at night, and you will sleep untroubled by these pests. In the morning you will find them full and stupid with the beef blood, and the meat smoked as dry as a cork.

**THE CRAMP.**—The cramp is one of the greatest terrors of the swimmer; but it is not the cramp in itself that drowns the swimmer; it is his fear. The cramp seldom attacks more than one limb, and if the swimmer will but stretch the cramped limb out to its utmost, he will still have his other limbs in active use to reach the shore. The pain, as is well known, is great, but this must be borne if you would save your life. If the cramp seizes the leg, turn over on your back, stretch the limb out stiffly, and in a few minutes it may be gone; and, however great the pain, do not relax the use of that limb, as muscular action can increase cramp, but the reverse. If the stomach is attacked, which will probably prevent the use of the leg, bear with the pain and float on the back, making use of the hands till you get within reach of assistance.

**CURRENT PRESERVE.**—Take ripe currants free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teaspoon of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently until they are cooked and clear; take them out of the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick; then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it into pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

**CHARLES.**—“Clara, did poor little Charles have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?”

**Clara.**—“Yes, yes, the little dear. Have you seen him?”

**Charles.**—“No, not exactly; but here’s a piece of pink ribbon in the sashage.”

**GOONERS.**—Goodness is goodness, find it where we may. A vineyard exists for the purpose of nurturing vines, but he would be a strange vinedresser who denied the reality of grapes because they had ripened under a less genial soil, and beyond